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LOUD HUZZAHS from those interested in railroad securities will greet the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railroad. The railway in question is inconsequential and almost unknown, but the decision involves the basis of valuation and therefore of profits for every road in the country. When Congress passed the La Follette railway-valuation act in 1913 it instructed the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix the value of all railroad property but it was not clear as to how this was to be determined. The commission has rested its calculations on 1914 prices combined with what it calls the "prudent-investment theory." The railroads have contended for a valuation based on the present-replacement cost of their property. In 1927 a special federal court of three judges unanimously upheld the method of the commission. This decision the Supreme Court has now reversed. It is estimated that it will increase the valuation of our railroads by some $10,000,000,000 and thus theoretically—although perhaps not actually—permit the carriers to raise their rates.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S COMMISSION on the enforcement of law is good, on the whole, so far as the character of the individual members goes, but we are surprised that with only one exception—its sole woman member—it is exclusively a group of lawyers and judges. Of course the bar should be largely represented, yet we could have wished for at least one penologist or sociologist, a psychologist, and possibly even a worm of a journalist. At that we are not much concerned with the make-up of the commission because we cannot see how its report will be of great significance. Not even the briefest newspaper summary of it will be read by our leading law-breaking classes: say oil men, bootleggers, prohibition-enforcement officers, and company police. The real benefit of the inquiry—and we think it will be large—will result from the public discussion and private reflection developed. In any event we predict that no recommendations of the commission will amount to a plugged dime unless it is recognized (1) That respect for law can only be obtained when law is worthy of respect and limited to matters in regard to which a predominant majority of the community agrees. (2) That obedience to the law should begin with government officials, policemen, and others who are specially delegated to enforce it.

IF THE CONGRESSIONAL SITUATION has changed but slightly since our last issue, it is obvious that the revolt against the agricultural bill and the tariff provisions has not yet subsided. By a vote of 249 to 119 the House indirectly showed its disapproval of the debenture plan by sending the Senate bill directly to conference. The proponents of the measure in the Senate countered in return by seeking to enrol enough Senators to insist upon a record vote in the House upon the debenture plan itself. As for the vicious tariff bill, there is so little satisfaction with it in any direction that it is now plain that whatever bill may be passed will bear but small relationship to the proposal which emanated from the Ways and Means Committee of the House. The truth that its title ought to be "A Bill to Place Enormous Tax Burdens upon the American People for the Benefit of a Few" is beginning to penetrate widely. It is probable that there will be no action whatever until fall, and some of Mr. Hoover's intimate friends are talking of a veto by him if it does not measure up to his standard. But since he is an avowed protectionist in favor of higher rates, it is hard to figure out how bad the bill will have to be before the President will find that he must veto it.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN our heartiest congratulations. He has vetoed the bill looking toward reestablishing the death penalty. He says:

> This bill requires, without exception, that the death penalty shall be inflicted upon every one convicted of first-degree murder regardless of age, sex, or circumstances.

He goes on to point out that we are not suffering from a lack of laws but too many, and he does not think that this

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would be enforceable. We regret to note that he himself favors electrocution for certain crimes. He should have opposed all execution as a great step backward; it is clearly against the trend of modern penology. We should have preferred it, too, if he could have put his opposition squarely on the ground of the inviolability of human life and affirmed that the state, as the aggregate of the citizenship, has no right to commit the very crime for committing which it kills individuals. That is too high a ground, we suppose, for any elected public man to assume at the present time. So we are grateful that Governor Green found another reason for vetoing a bill which should never have been passed and would not have passed save for two or three grievous crimes. These aroused public passion largely because of newspaper exploitation, despite the fact that the courts worked with great speed and that one of the worst offenders was in the penitentiary under a life sentence within forty-eight hours after his crime had been committed.

THE BITTEREST FEUD in South America has been practically settled by the agreement reached between Peru and Chile in regard to Tacna-Arica. It remains for the parliaments of the two nations to ratify the arrangement, but such action is taken for granted. It is possible, too, that some concession may be made to Bolivia, which, as matters stand, gets nothing out of the settlement. The quarrel arose out of the war of 1879 between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chile on the other. The latter was victorious and practically dictated the peace of Ancon in 1883, by which the territory of Tacna-Arica passed to Chile, but with the proviso that at the end of ten years a plebiscite should take place to determine the ultimate disposition. Excuses were found for postponing the plebiscite and it was never held. Peru remained unreconciled and in 1922 the two republics asked President Harding to arbitrate. Mr. Coolidge took office with the issue still unsettled and eventually recommended a plebiscite under our auspices. Both Generals Pershing and Lessiter tried successively to conduct referendums, but found it impossible. Secretary of State Kellogg then induced Peru and Chile to negotiate directly. By the present arrangement the disputed territory, which lies between the two republics, is divided about half and half, each country taking the nearest slice. Chile gets the port of Arica and the railway from there to Bolivia, but Peru is to use Arica as a free port, and is to receive $6,000,000 in cash. Bolivia, which lost its sea front by the war, has not been considered in the settlement so far.

> The state is sovereign in the Italian kingdom; the Catholic church holds certain loyally and voluntarily recognized privileges, and all other religions are freely admitted.

THUS CAVALIERLY DOES MUSSOLINI point out to the Catholic church its place. In his recent speech before the Chamber of Deputies—which lasted three and a half hours, by the way—the Premier was at some pains to make clear just what, in essence, his recent celebrated "settlement of the Roman question" amounted to. "In the Italian state," he said, "the church is not sovereign or even free. It is not sovereign because that would be a contradiction. It is not even free because its institutions and its men are subject to the general laws of the country in addition to being subject to the special clauses of the Concordat." No even in the confines of the Papal State, therefore, is th church permitted the consolation of ruling. Meanwhile, pretty quarrel on the side is imminent between Mussolini an the Pope on the subject of education. The Premier declare the education of children and youths to be unqualifiedly th concern of the state. The Pope takes the traditional Catho lic view that "We never can agree . . . to anything tha compresses, decreases, or denies the rights which nature an God gave the families and the church in the field of educa tion." His Holiness added, with the wisdom for which th church is justly famous:

> We must add that we lack material means to back our intransigence. Nor are we sorry, because truth and right do not need material forces, because they carry within themselves irresistible, undeniable, and undeflectable force.

THE CAMPAIGN which President Emilio Portes Gi is urging in Mexico against intemperance is ambitiou and the reverse in method of our own anti-liquor effort. A first reported, the campaign was to be almost wholly persua sive. Educational propaganda in favor of temperance was t be spread by means of motion pictures, posters, lectures, an material in the schoolbooks. Later reports say, however that Mexico's President proposes a limitation upon the num ber of saloons and a proviso, similar to that in Quebec whereby strong drinks would be sold only in bottles and no for consumption on the premises. The idea is eventually t eliminate all alcoholic liquor other than wine and beer. The proposal seems to have met with much favorable press com ment in Mexico, where the drinking of *pulque* is admittedly a national danger. Nobody can predict how far President Portes Gil will get with his plans, but anyhow official ban quets in his regime are hereafter to be "dry." A military dinner on May 14 was enlivened with mineral water and pineapple juice. Perhaps Mexico's President is somewhat naive in his belief that in order to make people virtuous one need only inform them in regard to the effects of vice, but it will be illuminating to have a temperance campaign across the Rio Grande moving gradually and by persuasion toward the goal sought immediately by blanket prohibitory legislation in this country. Both Drys and Wets should welcome this new-style attack upon the Demon Pulque.

THE DEATH OF HENRY COOPER, the "Liberator of Hawaii," recalls a significant chapter in the history of American imperialism. Cooper was a member of the "Committee of Safety" which, in January, 1893, overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy and attempted to annex the islands to the United States, and he was Foreign Minister and Acting President of the "republic" which was proclaimed when President Cleveland refused to approve annexation. But it was not Cooper and his chief, Sanford Dole, who really overthrew the old Hawaiian monarchy and made the annexation to the United States inevitable; it was sugar and the American tariff. In 1875 a reciprocity treaty had admitted certain grades of Hawaiian sugar duty-free into the United States. Within ten years the sugar imports from Hawaii rose from less than 20 million pounds a year to 200 million pounds, and when the McKinley tariff act of 1890 put sugar on the free list, forcing Hawaiian sugar to compete on equal terms with Cuban sugar, the planters saw

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hemselves ruined. In one day the price of raw sugar in Honolulu dropped from $100 to $60 a ton. The United States Minister, zealous to protect the American capital invested in Hawaiian sugar, conferred constantly with the American residents. When they revolted, he cabled for marines. The marines landed and protected the revolters from the old monarchy. The Cleveland Administration, coming into power six weeks later, refused to accept the treaty of annexation, but it imposed a new duty on foreign sugar while putting Hawaiian sugar on the free list. Prosperity was restored; and the ultimate annexation, during the Spanish War, was only an incident, for the complete economic dependence of the islands upon America was more important than their political status. It is a chapter of history which Philippine and Caribbean politicians would do well to ponder.

THE BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC of New York City, having been upheld legally, can resume its functions with increased zeal. Magistrate Rosenbluth dismissed the case, declaring that the clinic had been conducted entirely within the limitations of the law governing the dissemination of contraceptive information. Now that everything has been comfortably adjusted, and Mrs. Sullivan, head of the Woman's Bureau of the Police Department, who directed the raid on the clinic, has been demoted for her injudicious enthusiasm, let it be said that the birth-control movement has never had a luckier turn of fortune than the raid afforded. For the policemen who temporarily closed the offices and took the doctors and nurses to the police station were also stupid enough to cart off with them a number of medical records of patients at the clinic. The shouts of protest that arose from highly respectable physicians at this outrageous and unprecedented violation of medical ethics must have been heard a considerable distance beyond the office of the Police Commissioner. It would be a pity to lose the force of this opposition to a bad law. For it is probably not unjust to say that the vast majority of doctors who give contraceptive information to patients in violation of the spirit if not the letter of the law do so in the firm belief that the law ought to be changed. In the main it is the opposition of the Catholic church that has kept it on the statute books. Were the law repealed, as it should be repealed, no Catholic would be obligated to disobey the dictates of his conscience or his church. But persons who wished it could obtain, openly, decently, and without connivance, information to which thousands of quite respectable citizens now believe they have every right.

A SURVEY of American economic conditions, comparable in its scope if not in its conclusions with the report on British industry and commerce reviewed on another page of this issue, has been published by the committee appointed last year by Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. The survey covers a wide range of economic developments and attempts to assay the degree of prosperity the country has actually attained and the changes in technique and management on which that prosperity is based. It pictures a system in which increased production is coupled with higher wages to produce an endless chain of material wants, which make way for newer wants as fast as they are satisfied. The tone of the report is almost wholly optimistic, nor is any doubt expressed whether the results of this vastly accelerated consumption will, in terms of human satisfaction, be worth the money and effort they cost. We hope to consider this question further, as also the detailed discussions of various phases of industrial life in America by the excellent group of economists and other experts whose work paved the way for the committee's report. It may be that their studies will provide more light and less effervescent enthusiasm.

ONCE MORE Richard Burton of the Pulitzer prize jury on novels pays his respects to the Advisory Board of the Columbia University School of Journalism. The first choice of the jury, consisting of Mr. Burton, Robert Morss Lovett of the University of Chicago, and Professor Jefferson B. Fletcher of Columbia, was "Victor and Victim," by Dr. John R. Oliver. The Advisory Board objected to this choice for reasons unnamed, and asked the jury for more suggestions. The jury sent back the names of Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" and Upton Sinclair's "Boston." The Advisory Board decided in favor of Mrs. Peterkin and the award was made. Now the Pulitzer prizes are conditioned only by the terms of the Pulitzer bequest and the Advisory Board is not obliged, by any respect for the public at large, to change its behavior or opinions because of criticism. But when a committee is chosen to pick what it considers the best novel of the year, when men of established literary standing are asked to serve on that committee, and when the final award is published as being in effect the committee's choice, then it should be the committee's choice and not the choice of any other body, however responsible or endowed with authority. Otherwise there is no reason why a man who values his reputation as a literary critic should serve on the jury, and many men, we predict, will henceforth refuse to serve for that very reason. Except for Dr. Burton's disclosure, no one would have suspected that the final award was not the jury's first choice. The Advisory Board was keeping mum. And the resulting situation will doubtless make everybody concerned very uncomfortable, including particularly Mrs. Peterkin, who ought not to be, and excluding only that well-tried and long-tested warrior Upton Sinclair, who loves nothing better than a good fight in which he is the loser.

'TWAS Curtis—and the Stimson gloves
Did gyre right nimbly there's no doubt.
All mimsy were the foreign doves,
But the home wrath broke out.

Fair Alice took her sword in hand;
Long time the buxom Gann she sought.
While all D. C. sat up with glee
To see the battle fought.

Then, as in uffish thought she stood,
The Gann—Vice-Presidential dame—
Came whiffling through the Longworth wood,
Preceding all who came.

One two! one two! and through and through
The Alice blade went snicker-snack.
No Gann shall eat from a Longworth seat
And come triumphing back.

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The Sugar-Tariff Graft Again

ONCE more the curtain goes up on another act in the sugar drama. Again we are witnessing a determined effort on the part of two groups of domestic producers to raise the price of sugar to every American consumer so that they may continue to make money out of their artificially stimulated and heavily protected industries. In the new tariff bill the duty on Cuban sugar is to be three cents a pound, less the 20 per cent preference given to Cuban sugar under the reciprocity treaty of 1903. The duty would thus come actually to 2.4 cents a pound in place of the rate of 1.76 now paid upon Cuban sugar. There are those in Washington who declare that this change will cost the American people $100,000,000 annually. We do not vouch for this tremendous figure, but we do know that the price, if this new duty is enacted, will be high indeed and that it is ethically, economically, and in every other way unjustifiable.

Let us state the facts calmly and clearly. A few hours' steaming from our Florida coasts lies Cuba, a small island from which in 1927-1928 we drew 47 per cent of the sugar we consumed. Were the American flag flying over this island there would be no sugar tariff and no effort to restrict the supply which that island could send into this republic. As it is, it would seem as if any enlightened government would say to Cuba, as it does to our three dependencies which send us sugar, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and also the territory of Hawaii: "Send us all the sugar you can. We are interested only in getting as cheap sugar for our people as is possible. The more sugar-laden ships that reach our ports the better it will be for us; the greater the supply the cheaper the price—within limitations. Every fraction of a cent by which we can reduce the cost of living to our people is that much gained. We are probably, because of our enormous consumption of candy, the greatest sugar users in the world. Hence we have a special duty to see that the American people get their sugar at the lowest possible price. We are especially happy because we have at our doors the finest sugar-producing territory in the world."

Our government says nothing of the kind. On the contrary it notifies certain Americans who are growing cane in Louisiana and raising sugar-beets in Colorado and other States that it will allow them to offset the advantage we have through Cuba's nearness to our shores by fixing the price of sugar to all Americans. These domestic sugar-growers justify this attitude by declaring that (1) theirs is an infant industry entitled to protection; (2) that to wipe out their industry would throw many Americans out of work; (3) that America should raise some of its own sugar in case of war and in order to be self-contained; and (4) that they need this additional protection to keep them from being wiped out. Let us examine the last argument first. It is specious. The answer is complete: The company which produced 48 per cent of the beet sugar grown in this country increased its earnings a little matter of 171 per cent last year, earning $11.22 a share on its stock which has a par value of $25—pretty good for an infant industry being ruined by Cuban competition! As for throwing many Americans out of work, a large percentage of workers a Mexicans, and we have read articles in the *Survey* declarir that the conditions among the seasonal Mexican workers wl harvest the crop are deplorable. The beet-sugar seed, by tl way, comes entirely from Germany; there is no tariff upc that and the growers are not on record as having asked f any.

As for the amount of sugar raised by these two group out of our total consumption of 6,200,000 tons the Louisiar cane growers contributed in 1927-1928 only *70,792 tons,* a inconsiderable part. The beet-sugar growers, however, pr duced the respectable total of 1,081,000 tons; together the two figures total almost exactly one-half of the tonnag which came to us from the sugar fields of Hawaii, the Phi ippines, the Virgin Islands, and Porto Rico, all covered b the American flag. As for the argument that the Unite States needs to produce its own crops under less favorab climatic and soil conditions in order to be self-contained, tl answer is that in the 140 years of our present governmer we have been at war with foreign nations just four time or once every thirty-five years, and in only one of these w there any menace to our coasts—unless we describe tl sporadic German submarine attacks as such.

As for any vested right of these established industrie it should suffice to point out that capital went into the experiments at its own risk, with no assurance of goverr ment aid, and that if it should fail by reason of competitic it would be no different from many other industries, notab those of the harness and carriage makers, destroyed by tl overwhelmingly successful competition of the motor-car But if there is any obligation upon the Government in cor nection with these industries then it could very well affor *to buy them all out,* boots and breeches, rather than sadd the American consumer with $100,000,000 a year by mear of the tariff.

That is the worst of fostering by hot-house metho infant industries. They are no sooner established than the become a vested interest upon which the government mu lay no finger, but whose profits must be guaranteed and fixe by a tariff. Invariably, these infant industries wield gre political power. This year the sugar group demanded tariff on Philippine sugar or its limitation to an annual in portation of 500,000 tons. It was this group which mac their dupe Calvin Coolidge suppress the sugar report the Federal Trade Commission calling for a slight reductic and a public saving of $200,000 a year. These me dominate the Senators from their several States and wherev they work political scandals are inevitable. We cannot thir of a more perfect object lesson of what the protective sy tem really is in its crassness, its selfishness, its arrogance, i special favoritism to its wards, and how quickly the protecte infants turn into political masters. Meanwhile Cuba la guishes. Only one company out of twenty-three has mac money in the last year. Our tariff has had most to do wit that. But who the devil cares for the Cubans? We free them once. Now let them starve while we make more sug millionaires.

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America Acts at Last

PROFOUNDLY significant and encouraging is the news that President Hoover has acted of his own initiative to alter the American reparation terms to ermany. Doubtless the patient and persistent American elegates to the conference in Paris have explained the rgency of the situation to him and have outlined what they eeded. The credit will none the less go to Mr. Hoover or acting as he did. By calling into his sudden Sunday fternoon conference on May 19 the Congressional leaders f both parties he did his best to assure Congressional aproval in advance.

When we say this we are aware that, so far as the conicting newspaper reports can be interpreted, there is no uestion of reducing much the total amount to be paid by ermany. The proposal is mainly to reduce the annuities and pread them over a longer period of years. Our share of the urden upon German labor is not to be reduced by much; is chiefly to be made lighter for the moment and to be arried longer. We are not sure that the German working lasses will appreciate the difference. But if this readjustent of the American load will help to make the other and ore important and necessary readjustments possible, why en America and Mr. Hoover will have rendered a genuine ervice. As we write, the impasse still continues, for the elgians are insisting upon their pound of flesh—the 25,000,-00 marks they demand for German deflation of the Belgian urrency while Germany occupied that country. The total erman contributions are yet to be settled, as well as the ze of the annuities, the German contribution to the proosed international bank, etc. If the news of the American ove should prove to be a solvent it will be gratifying.

Even if it should fail of immediate effect, we cannot ut hope and believe that this American gesture will have ar-reaching effects. At least we have taken one step away om our old obstinate, intransigent position of refusing to o anything in the matter of reparations. To Europe it has emed as if we were in the unhappy position of urging verybody else to compromise, to be moderate, to abate eir demands, and yet refusing to modify our position one t. In England they have felt bitterly that we have exacted arsher terms from them than from France and Italy, and ill more bitterly because we have refused to set the ball olling by offering to reduce the debts owed to us. Had is country shown a willingness to cut its demands, the eparations issue would have been settled long ago. Now least we have shown a readiness to reconsider. It may be at having broken the ice we shall now be willing to go rther. At the very least Mr. Hoover has induced the aders of Congress to recognize that we have a duty in the emises.

That the length of the discussions in Paris is straining erves everywhere, especially in Germany, is obvious. The born stand to be penalized as well as those who fought d lost the war, as also the young men and women who ve arrived at maturity since the armistice. Black as their tlook is, a settlement will be far better for them than esent uncertainties. America has no more important duty an to speed that settlement in every possible way.

The Battle of the Books

THE embattled booksellers in convention assembled have solemnly voted a declaration of war against the book clubs. They charge the clubs with perpetrating "intellectual shams," with unfair methods of competition, and with lowering literary standards. They accuse them of innumerable sins, all of which if boiled down would, in our opinion, result in one outstanding objection: the book clubs have been successful. They have established themselves with all but a couple of the leading publishers and have subscribers numbering 200,000 persons scattered through the country. They are making money, and are adapting to the sale of books modern methods which have proved effective with innumerable other commodities. Naturally the bookstores dislike the clubs, though they have failed to prove by a single figure that the recent depression in their business could be traced to the success of the clubs.

It seems to us that the booksellers are meeting this new form of competition with a complete lack of realism. As well might the stage-coach have attacked the steam railway; as well may the railway deplore the increase in flying. We have no doubt that the book clubs are here to stay, just as the chain store is here, or the mail-order house. The booksellers may dig in and plan campaigns of resistance, but in the long run they must justify and protect their existence by successful business methods and not by resolutions.

We do not mean, however, to suggest that the book clubs are either wholly desirable or thoroughly tested. Criticism may be leveled at many of their practices and effects. The clubs have undoubtedly made claims for the books of their choice that are at least open to question. They have adopted methods of "snob" advertising which would, we should think, drive away many potential subscribers. They have focused public attention on a few books at the probable expense of some others. They have assumed an air of infallibility which is irritating but not, we think, positively harmful. At worst the judges of the clubs have become a sort of inner circle of pundits, leaving ordinary book reviewers on the outer edge of literary criticism. It may be, however, that the noise and boom of the club ballyhoo will make the edge look more desirable than the center to some critics.

One charge against the book clubs we flatly disbelieve: the assertion that their business departments dictate to or directly influence the judges and editors. No evidence to this effect has been brought forward, even in the passionate broadsides of John Macrae of E. P. Dutton and Company. Nor do we believe that the clubs are a serious influence in "standardizing" public taste. In the first place, few persons of strongly marked personal taste become members. In the second place, the list of choices of the clubs is amazingly varied—so varied indeed as to make us wonder what the subscribers must think of many of their monthly surprises. One speaker at the recent Boston convention, in the very process of attacking the "standardization" wrought by the clubs, launched a fiery if inconsistent assault on their variegated and often esoteric choices!

Mixture though they are of good, bad, and dubious, we still believe the book clubs are destined to prosper and multiply, trying out new tricks of salesmanship and new

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methods of allurement. They are, we repeat, a logical product of their age—convenient, economical, efficient. The booksellers will have to accept them as a factor to be dealt with, rather than as a foe to be fought. It is quite certain, however, that no matter how fast the clubs develop, there will still be a place for shops where persons with independent literary interests may go to buy the books of their own choice.

Dodsworth's Dilemma

WHEN Mr. Dodsworth, that intelligent and feeling American, went to the theater in London, he experienced various sensations of discomfort.

He did not understand more than two-thirds of what the actors said on the stage. He had been brought up to believe that the English language and the American language were one, but what could a citizen of Zenith make of "Ohs rath, eastill in labtry"? What were they talking about? What was the play about?

Sinclair Lewis, who thus recounted Mr. Dodsworth's bewilderment and its cause, is as good a mimic as ever transcribed a bit of dialect. He knows how to convey pronunciation and tone, accent and elision. So we must believe that he wrote down as Mr. Dodsworth heard them the words that depressed and confounded the American. But, curiously enough, "Ohs rath, eastill in labtry," appears to puzzle British ears as well, and a lively debate has gone on in the English *New Statesman* as to the proper transliteration of Mr. Lewis's cryptogram. H. P. Garwood writes (in the issue of April 6) to the editor to complain that the meaning of the "mystic phrase" eludes him and he fears he must be written down as "mut" or "boob"—Americanisms both, we assume. The editor appends to the letter the following note: "It defeated us also when we read it, so we can offer no explanation."

But explanations have, none the less, been forthcoming. In the following issue two persons offer answers to the puzzle. The first, Leslie Barrington, hazards: "Oh, Sir Arthur, he's still in the laboratory," and bases his guess "on observation of the syllable-clipping and word-swallowing which goes on in every London street." The second, Edward Marsh, suggests "O yes rather, he's still in the laboratory," and imagines that the phrase was taken from "a play about a chemist which was given last year at the Ambassador." To these suggestions the editor adds: "We have received a large number of letters on this abstruse problem. We are inclined to favor Mr. Barrington's rather than Mr. Marsh's interpretation of what Mr. Sinclair Lewis really meant."

But why, we'd like to inquire, should Mr. Sinclair Lewis be expected to know what he really meant? If Mr. Dodsworth could not understand the phrase quoted, why should his creator and friend? We understand that Mr. Lewis, hounded no doubt by his English publishers, has made some sort of lame attempt at a translation. "Oh rather, he's still in the laboratory," Mr. Lewis is said to have ventured. How he arrives at any such conclusion is beyond us. Does this fellow Lewis consider himself less pure an American than Mr. Dodsworth, or a better Englishman than the editor and correspondents of the *New Statesman?* Very well, if he wants to risk his personal interpretation of the language of the English stage, we can do no less than offer our own guess, which at worst is as good as the next man's. As likely as not "Ohs rath, eastill in labtry" means "God's wrath! He's still in the lavatory."

Peace or Poison?

OVERTONES of doom reverberate from Cleveland. This is no ordinary disaster, to be dismissed with academic pity and medals for heroism. It must generate in every person who has read its terrible details—and we hope that includes every man and woman in these United States—a deep depression, for it holds a threat of personal danger that cannot be dispelled. Not many years ago thousands of men on the battlefields of Europe were dying of poison gas, as scores died in the Cleveland clinic. Heretofore only those who survived attacks during the war have had any conception of the horror of poison gas. These survivors were not numerous and their ranks have thinned since then. Just as in Cleveland, many who thought they had escaped have died or have been stricken with incurable disease traceable to the effects of gas. The Cleveland disaster brings home to the civilian with terrifying force the significance of the "next war," for which every war department in the civilized world is feverishly preparing at this moment.

A half dozen airplanes or, for example, a few Zeppelins loaded not with cheerful and friendly passengers but with gas bombs could wipe out in a few hours not merely scores but hundreds of thousands of lives with the silent yellow death that invaded Cleveland. Those who escaped would perish in the pestilence of unburied dead. Every center of population would be a death-house from which escape would be impossible.

Poison gas is the most important engine of modern warfare. We forget that the perfection of its deadliness goes on daily throughout the world. It makes one's blood run cold to read that Major General Gilchrist, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States, made a trip to Cleveland, apparently in the line of duty. "It was emphasized," reads the report, "that he was moved by a desire to obtain information as to chemical reactions for his service." His comment on the disaster was even more ominous. "I really believe," he said, "the people who died here must be regarded as sacrifices to experience, rather than victims of negligence." The Chemical Warfare Service, like all military institutions, is constantly preparing for the death of hypothetical "enemies"—in France, England, Germany—wherever the hypothetic military problem may be laid. Who knows but what as a result of the Cleveland disaster Paris will be snuffed out in that next war with the gas which proved so efficient at Cleveland?

Arthur Brisbane, in the Hearst press, takes the disaster as his text for a typical militarist sermon demanding more and more preparedness. Such propaganda is as insane, as criminal, as war itself. Preparedness against poison gas is a delusion. There is but one choice to be made and it must be made quickly. The peoples of the world must decide whether they will have peace—or poison.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE summer always moves me to worry about the fate of painters. I mean particularly the fate of amateur painters. How does one get to be a professional has been a constant source of curiosity. It is not hard to sell to somebody or other an indifferent piece of writing. I have been closely acquainted with essays and columns worse than indifferent which still found their way to pay and print. But who ever sells a picture save the member of some little exclusive group? Probably parents are wise if they speak severely to any child who picks up chalk or pencil and begins to draw figures on the wall or any other convenient place. That youngster is headed right toward the most precarious of all the callings. In all human endeavor there is room at the top, but the more kindly arts provide landing stages at various points on the mountain side. The pretty good writer need not starve to death and may heaven be blessed for this mercy.

The community is less indulgent to the painter. Economically speaking there are just two classes into which an artist can fit. He can be successful or he can starve. A writer may maintain himself at a cent a word and keep body and soul together until the twenty-five-cent days come. In fact he may operate on two economic levels at the same time. Once I knew an author who lived chiefly on cheap fiction, but sometimes when half way through a story he would discover that he was going along at a pace well above his average. At such times it was his custom to exclaim in a happy voice: "These are not one-cent words at all. This is a ten-cent piece." And in mid-career he would alter the title and the plan of his tale somewhat and sell eventually to some prosperous illustrated weekly.

When a painter is sufficiently well known to command $500 or so for a picture there are many galleries which will cooperate with him in marketing his wares, but if he cannot get a good price he can get no price at all. If I introduce myself into this discussion I may mar its serious note, but the fact remains that even though I happened to be twice as good at painting as I am now it would still be impossible for me to sell a single picture for $5. As a matter of fact I could be ten times more proficient, not an impossible ideal, and still remain economically an amateur. People simply don't buy $5 paintings. There is no $5 market. The average man is much too frightened by hand-painted pictures ever to buy any even if he could afford them. The American tradition is that paintings belong only in the homes of the very rich. All others buy color prints.

Something might be done in the way of education. Within a year even the poor have learned that it is not impossible for people of moderate means to lose money in the stock market. They could, perhaps, find pictures much more profitable speculations. I am told that in Paris pictures may be purchased quite casually from a cart like potted flowers. And unless my informant has deceived me the Frenchman of moderate means is not afraid to walk up boldly and say: "How much?"

Such a procedure is difficult here. Almost all the galleries into which I have ever strayed were full of swank and lugs. The uniformed attendants never spoke of price at all and I was far too timid to bring up anything so crass. Invariably I was made to feel that it would be gauche for a stranger to mention such matters unless he possessed social references and a letter of recommendation from his pastor. Upon the few occasions when I mustered up sufficient courage to tap some attendant on the shoulder and lead him to a distant corner the sum which he whispered to me through compressed lips was always sufficient to justify a mutual embarrassment. Blushing with consternation, I would endeavor to make him think that I might return another day with the necessary money clutched within my hand. I suppose that was mean, for I never did come back.

The speculative urge is possibly not the highest factor in the creation of a true collector, and yet it seems to me that it would be a grand idea for the galleries and artists to get together and urge the buying of pictures on this basis. It is fair to say that fully as much money may be made in obscure oil paintings as in unknown oil wells. And there may be gold in the painted hills of landscapes from the brush of undiscovered masters. This is speculation of a highly personal nature. Instead of betting upon some hole in the ground the gambler makes a wager with posterity as to the thickness of the vein which he thinks he can detect in the work of some young man or woman.

And the artist does not need to be young. If I owned a gallery I would tell all my customers the story of Rousseau, the French postal clerk. He was the artist who took some dozens of his canvases in a hand-cart and tried to trade the lot to a butcher for lamb chops. The practical man with the cleaver refused in scorn. Had he accepted the offer those would have been $200,000 chops. Business men are not forever wise in their generation. And once, so the story goes, when Rousseau was sued for something his lawyer got him off by displaying his client's pictures to the court and contending that the poor fellow was not quite right.

Of course, the element of risk is not absent. As in the case of mining shares upon the curb, pictures may go down as well as up. The staple of today is but a poor drug in tomorrow's market. Still no man of mettle wants to engage in a sure-thing game. Some years ago I took a modest flier in the work of a contemporary Russian artist and then a little later I had the good fortune to meet the painter. To my horror he turned out to be one of the strongest and healthiest Russians I had ever seen in my life. Worse than that he was chronically industrious. The man could turn out a dozen portraits in a morning and then loaf through the afternoon with as many landscapes. Sadly I gave up all my hopes of affluence through our association. Like the copper companies he was too prolific to maintain a stabilized market.

But even if the painting speculator must have his mistakes and take his losses, I still can't see how he is worse off than the market gambler. When a gold mine comes to be unlisted it is always possible to frame the certificate and hang it on the wall, and that is not at all a bad thing to do with pictures.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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A Letter from Leon Trotzky

Constantinople, March 27

TO THE WORKERS OF THE U.S.S.R.:

DEAR COMRADES: I write to you in order to tell you again that Stalin, Yaroslavsky, et al. are deceiving you. They say that I made use of the bourgeois press in order to carry on a struggle against the Soviet Republic, in whose creation and defense I worked hand in hand with Lenin. They are deceiving you. I used the bourgeois press in order to defend the interests of the Soviet Republic against the lies, trickery, and perfidy of Stalin and Company.

They ask you to condemn my articles. Have you read them? No, you have not read them. They are giving you a counterfeit translation of separate fragments. My articles have been published in the Russian language in a special booklet in exactly the form in which I wrote them. Demand that Stalin reprint them without abbreviations or falsifications. He dare not do it. He fears the truth more than anything else. Here I want to summarize the contents of my articles.

1. In the resolution of the G.P.U. as to my banishment it states that I am conducting "preparations for an armed struggle against the Soviet Republic." In *Pravda* (No. 41, February 19, 1929) the statement about armed struggle was omitted. Why? Why did Stalin not dare repeat in *Pravda* what was said in the resolution of the G.P.U.? Because he knew that no one would believe him. After the history of the Wrangel officer, after the exposure of the *agent provocateur* sent by Stalin to the Oppositionists with the proposal of a military plot, no one will believe that the Bolshevik-Leninists, desiring to convince the party of the correctness of their views, are preparing an armed struggle. But if that is true, why introduce this obvious lie into the resolution of the G.P.U.? Not for the U.S.S.R. but for Europe, and for the whole outside world. Through the T.A.S.S. agency Stalin systematically and daily cooperates with the bourgeois press of the whole world, propagating his slander against the Bolshevik-Leninists. Stalin can in no other way explain this banishment and his innumerable arrests, except by accusing the Opposition of preparing an armed struggle. With this monstrous lie he has done enormous harm to the Soviet Republic. The whole bourgeois press has discussed the fact that Trotzky, Rakovsky, Smilga, Radek, I. N. Smirnov, Beloborodov, Muralov, Mratchkovsky, and many others who built the Soviet Republic and defended it, are now preparing an armed struggle against the Soviet power. In order to justify his repressions, Stalin is compelled to compose these monstrous legends, doing incalculable harm to the Soviet power. That is why I considered it necessary to appear in the bourgeois press and say to the whole world: It is not true that the Opposition intends to wage an armed struggle against the Soviet power. The Opposition has waged and will wage a ruthless struggle *for* the Soviet power against all its enemies. This declaration of mine has been printed in newspapers with a circulation of tens of millions in all the languages of the world. It will serve to strengthen the Soviet Republic. Stalin wants to strengthen his position at the expense of the Soviet Republic. I want to strengthen the Soviet Republic by exposing the lies of the Stalinists.

2. Stalin and his press have for a long time been making all over the world the statement that I declare the Soviet Republic has become a bourgeois state, that the proletarian power is wrecked, etc. In Russia, many workers know that this is a vicious slander, that it is founded on falsified quotations. I have exposed these falsifications dozens of times in letters which have been circulated from hand to hand. But the outside bourgeois press believes them, or pretends to believe them. All these counterfeit quotations appear in the columns of the newspapers of the world as a demonstration of the assertion that Trotzky considers the fall of the Soviet power inevitable. Thanks to the enormous interest of international public opinion, and especially that of the broad popular masses, in what is being created in the Soviet Republic, the bourgeois press, impelled by its business interests, its desire for circulation, the demands of its readers, was compelled to print my articles. In those articles I said to the whole world that the Soviet power, in spite of the misleading policies of the Stalin leadership, is deeply rooted in the masses, is very powerful, and will outlive its enemies.

You must not forget that the overwhelming majority of the workers in Europe, and especially in America, still read the bourgeois press. I made it a condition that my articles should be printed without the slightest change. It is true that certain papers in a few countries violated this condition, but the majority fulfilled it. In any case all the papers have published the fact that, in spite of the lies and slanders of the Stalinists, Trotzky is convinced of the deep inner power of the Soviet regime, and firmly believes that the workers will succeed by peaceful measures in changing the present false policy of the Central Committee.

In the spring of 1917, Lenin, imprisoned inside Switzerland, employed a "sealed train" of the Hohenzollerns in order to get to the Russian workers. The chauvinist press attacked Lenin, going so far as to call him a German agent, and address him as Herr Lenin. Imprisoned by the Thermidorians in Constantinople I employed the bourgeois press as a sealed train in order to speak the truth to the whole world. The attacks of the Stalinists against "Mr. Trotzky," stupid in their intemperance, are nothing but a repetition of the bourgeois and Social Revolutionary attacks upon "Herr Lenin." Like Lenin I regard with tranquil contempt the public opinion of the philistines and bureaucrats whose spirit Stalin represents.

3. I told in my articles, distorted and falsified by Yaroslavsky, how, why, and under what circumstances I was banished from the U.S.S.R. The Stalinists are propagating rumors in the European press to the effect that I was permitted to leave Russia at my own request. I exposed this lie. I told how I was sent over the border forcibly after a preliminary agreement between Stalin and the Turkish police. And here I acted not only in the interests of my own personal defense against slander, but first of all in the interests of the Soviet Republic. If the Oppositionists really desired to leave the borders of the Soviet Union, that would be

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derstood by the whole world as a sign that they considered the situation of the Soviet Government hopeless. We ve not the shadow of such a thought. The Stalinist polies have dealt a terrible blow not only to the Chinese Revotion, the English working-class movement, and the whole omintern, but also to the inner stability of the Soviet gime. That is indisputable. However, the situation is not the least hopeless. The Opposition in no case intends to from Soviet Russia. I categorically refused to cross the rder, proposing instead that they should imprison me. The alinists did not dare resort to that measure, they were raid that the workers would insistently demand my liberaon. They preferred to make a bargain with the Turkish lice, and they transported me to Constantinople by main rce. This I explained to the whole world. . . .

4. In tens of millions of newspapers I told the whole orld that it was not the Russian workers who exiled me, or e Russian peasants, or the Soviet Red Guards, or those ith whom we came into power and fought shoulder to oulder on all fronts in the civil war. It was the bureauats who exiled me, people who have got the power into eir hands and converted themselves into a bureaucratic ste bound together by a solidarity of privilege. In order defend the October Revolution, the Soviet Republic, and e revolutionary name of the Bolshevik-Leninists, I told e whole world the truth about Stalin and the Stalinists. I minded them again that Lenin in his maturely considered Testament" described Stalin as *disloyal*. That word is unerstood in all the languages of the world. It means an unustworthy or dishonest man who is guided in his activities y bad motives, a man whom you cannot trust. That is how enin characterized Stalin, and we see again how correct enin's warning was. There is no worse crime for a revoluonist than to deceive his party, to poison with lies the mind f the working class. And that is at present Stalin's chief ccupation. He is deceiving the Comintern and the interational working class, attributing to the Opposition counterevolutionary intentions and activities. Because of Stalin's clination for that kind of activity, Lenin called him disyal. Exactly for that reason, Lenin proposed to the party hat Stalin be removed from his post.

5. The slanderers (Yaroslavsky and the other agents f Stalin) are raising a great noise on the subject of Ameran dollars. Otherwise it would hardly be worth while to toop to this rubbish. But the most vicious bourgeois newsapers take satisfaction in spreading Yaroslavsky's dirt. In rder to leave nothing unexplained I will therefore tell you bout the dollars.

I gave my articles to an American press agency in Paris. enin and I, dozens of times, have given interviews and writen expositions of our views on one question or another to uch agencies. Thanks to my banishment and the mysterious ircumstances of it, the interest in this matter throughout the vorld was colossal. The agency counted on a good profit. t offered me half of the income. I answered that I personlly would not take a cent, but that the agency might deliver t my direction half the income from my articles, and that vith this money I would publish in the Russian language nd in foreign languages a whole series of Lenin's writings his speeches, articles, letters) which are suppressed in the oviet Republic by the Stalinist censorship. I shall also ublish with this money a number of important party documents (reports of conferences, congresses, letters, articles, etc.) which are concealed from the party because they demonstrate the theoretical and political bankruptcy of Stalin. This is the "counter-revolutionary" (according to Stalin and Yaroslavsky) literature which I intend to publish. An accurate account of the sums expended in this way will be published when the time comes. Every worker will say that it is infinitely better to publish the writings of Lenin with money received in the form of an accidental contribution from the bourgeoisie than to propagate slanders against the Bolshevik-Leninists with money collected from the Russian workers and peasants.

Do not forget, comrades: The "Testament" of Lenin remains as before in Russia a counter-revolutionary document, for the circulation of which you are arrested and exiled. And that is not accidental. Stalin is waging a struggle against Leninism on an international scale. There remains hardly one country in the world where at the head of the Communist Party today stand those revolutionists who led the party in the days of Lenin. They are almost all expelled from the Communist International. Lenin guided the first four congresses of the Comintern. Together with Lenin I drew up all the fundamental documents of the Comintern. At the Fourth Congress, in 1922, Lenin divided equally with me the fundamental report on the New Economic Policy and the Perspectives of the International Revolution. After the death of Lenin, almost all the participants, at any rate all without exception of the *influential* participants of the first four congresses, were expelled from the Comintern. In order to adopt an anti-Leninist policy, it was necessary first to overthrow the Leninist leadership. Stalin has done this, relying upon the bureaucracy, upon new petty-bourgeois circles, upon the state apparatus, upon the G.P.U., and upon the financial resources of the state. This has been carried through not only in the U.S.S.R., but also in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Belgium, in the United States, in the Scandinavian countries.

When they were pounding the Bolshevik-Leninists, they reassured the party by saying that it would now be monolithic. You know that the party is now more split up than ever. And this is not the end. There is no salvation on the Stalinist road. You can adopt either an Ustrialovist—that is a consistently Thermidorian policy—or a Leninist policy. The Centrist position of Stalin inevitably leads to an accumulation of enormous economic and political difficulties and to the continual decimation and destruction of the party.

It is still not too late to alter the course. It is necessary abruptly to change the policy and the party regime in the spirit of the Opposition platform. It is necessary to put an end to the shameful persecution of the best revolutionary Leninists in the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and in the whole world. It is necessary to restore the Leninist leadership. It is necessary to condemn and root out the disloyal, that is, untrustworthy and dishonest, methods of the Stalin apparatus. The Opposition is ready with all its force to help the proletarian kernel of the party to fulfil this vital task. Rabid persecution, dishonest slanders, and governmental repressions cannot dim our loyalty to the October Revolution or to the international party of Lenin. We will remain true to them both to the end—in the Stalinist prisons, in exile, and in banishment.

LEON TROTZKY

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Mayor Hague, Boss of Jersey City

By L. H. PATTERSON

MAYOR FRANK HAGUE of Jersey City, running May 14 last for reelection to the City Commission, governing body of that municipality, asked for a vote of vindication of charges made against him. He got it—from Jersey City—if it can be assumed that a plurality cut in half in four years is vindication.

Hague is more than a local figure, however. He is the Democratic boss of New Jersey and one of the vice-chairmen of the Democratic National Committee; in the Smith Presidential campaign of last year he was a figure of some—but not much—importance. That makes his latest victory at the polls of general interest. Already he has announced he will dictate the nomination of the Gubernatorial candidate in 1931, just as he dictated the nominations of Governors Edwards, Silzer, and Moore, the three who sat at Trenton for nine years previous to the election of the present Governor Larson, Republican. Of course, Hague did not say "dictate," but he meant it.

Will all go well with him in this endeavor? He has won a skirmish of importance over the opposition that has fast been growing against his domination, but his battle has not yet been won. Jersey City is his, but not the rest of the State. A considerable fly in the ointment is the fact that at the city election just decided he caused some 33,000 men and women to add themselves to the anti-Hague army. Four years ago this anti-Hague vote was, in round numbers, 10,000; this year it was 43,000. The pro-Hague vote in 1925 was within about 500 of the 68,000 or so he got this year. Thus, while he has held his strength, his opponents have more than tripled theirs. Such figures can hardly fail to encourage Hague opposition throughout the State; they prove that in a Hague stronghold independent and new voters heretofore submissive have come out to fight.

The New Jersey Legislature, overwhelmingly Republican, through a partisan investigating committee has accused Hague of many derelictions—corruption of the ballot, civic-government corruption, grand-jury tampering, ill-gotten gains from public enterprises in which awarding of rich contracts was a part, and sudden and unexplained personal wealth. He defied this committee and got away with it, owing to defects in the laws defining the legislature's inquisitorial powers. An effort has been made to remedy these defects, and he will be again put on the stand on June 24.

He still is very much on the defensive. So far he has been able to block inquiries as to how he has managed to become rich within a few years although his only visible means of support has been his salary of $8,250 a year as Jersey City's Mayor. All such questions he has countered by pleading his constitutional right of privacy. The coming test may decide where private rights end and public rights begin. Also, the federal income-tax authorities are hovering about, waiting to ask questions of their own.

From the beginning Mayor Hague has failed to take the public into his confidence, but has hidden behind constitutional privilege. This attitude has not made him friends among unprejudiced citizens living outside of Hudson County. "If Mr. Hague himself would come clean; if h would tell the truth and shame his enemies with the truth what a triumph would be his!" has commented, editorially the Newark *Evening News,* independent. "A man who ha nothing to conceal, a man whose life is an open book, doe not fall back on right of privacy or other technical safe guards when his reputation is at stake."

But, on the contrary, Hague has taken advantage o every inequality in the terrain, as military strategists say his right of privacy has been so dear to him that he ha risked his good name to preserve it. His wealth is to hin too personal a matter to have its sources dragged out i the open. It is not, he declares, the public's business hov he arrived at his present affluence. Perhaps further question ing by the investigators, backed by a few teeth in th amended enabling act, will cause him to relax from hi rigidity of principle.

The Jersey City Mayor believes his latest victory is hi greatest. Perhaps it may so prove, but his opponents o the anti-Hague crusaders are not downcast; they did pretty well. Had they put a ticket in the field containing strong vote-getting men; had they urged a cause based on something better than disgruntlement, both political and financial; hac not some of their leaders been vulnerable to attack as t their motives, they would have done much better. Th significant feature of the anti-Hague vote is that inde pendents and new voters had the nerve to stand up and b counted in a city where antis have suffered physically fo their faith. Among these is listed James ("Jeff") Burkitt "Jeffersonian Democrat," who was among the most out spoken of the insurgents, and whose record of beatings-up by Hague sympathizers may never accurately be compiled so numerous were they.

On the night of the recent election Mayor Hague, after the result was assured, made his way to the City Hall t receive a conqueror's acclaim. So great was the throng about the building that his car could not be driven up t the entrance. After vain attempts to get through th tightly packed mass of cheering idolators the problem was solved by the crowd itself. Several men hoisted the Mayor to their shoulders and thus was he borne into the municipal building amid indescribable din and tossed on a table in his office. From that position he voiced his gratification at his "victory for the people." He was one of five who ran on the ticket, and one of the other four got more votes than he did, but as far as Jersey City was concerned he was the only man running. It is worth noting, incidentally, that one of his messages of congratulation came from none other than Al Smith of New York.

There should be a personality behind all this adulation. There is. Hague is a perfect flower of what in Jersey City is called "The Horseshoe," which is the Second Ward, on the flatlands which lie to the east of Bergen Hill where is situated the Summit Avenue station of the tube trains from New York to Newark. His life, like that of the other denizens of "The Horseshoe," has been a struggle.

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When he was born there, in 1876, getting a living along the canal and amid the stockyards and beside the railroads that then ran at grade, was hard. It still is.

Hague received only an elementary education. As a young man he learned Jersey City politics from such masters as "Denny" McLaughlin and "Bob" Davis. The essence was practicality. Almost at once he got a job—as a constable. Next he was on the staff of the Sheriff and became known as Davis's "courthouse man," which meant that he was official observer for the boss, and at a strategic point. In 1907, when the Democrats controlled the House of Assembly at Trenton, he was appointed Sergeant-at-arms.

Years passed, with Hague always making friends, not only with politicians, but with the plain people from which he sprang. Some patronage was obtained through the chairmanship of Jersey City's City Hall Commission, which carried the office of custodian of the building. Then came membership in the Board of Street and Water Commissioners—more and wider patronage. After the adoption of commission government he was elected Director of the Department of Public Safety. Naturally the final step was the Mayoralty.

So Hague was at the top, by reason of unremitting diligence in political endeavor. He reached out for more, and got it. His domination extended throughout Hudson County, so State recognition was inevitable. He became the Democratic boss and one after the other he caused the nomination of three governors—Edwards, Silzer, and Moore. All were elected, largely because they ran as Wets, while the Republicans adopted an equivocal attitude on prohibition. National recognition came with Hague's selection in 1922, as New Jersey member of the National Democratic Committee. In 1924 he was made a vice-chairman.

While all this was going on Hague did not forget his underprivileged fellow-citizens in Jersey City and Hudson County. He practically rebuilt the City Hospital and greatly improved its service. He founded the Mothers' Clinic, first institution of its kind to be fostered by an American city. There mothers and children of the poor get the best and most expensive care and advice for nothing. It cannot be denied that he inaugurated much fine humanitarian work; it also cannot be denied that it all won for him many faithful votes—votes that he needed on May 14 last, and which he is likely to need again—perhaps desperately.

With increased power prosperity kept step. Hague was known to be interested in realty operations of magnitude; to be connected profitably with financial deals. "How is he getting it?" his enemies, especially the Republicans, began to ask. There were no answers—only rumors. He purchased, not openly, a $100,000 summer home at Deal, a fashionable coast resort. He developed a fondness for paying cash in his transactions, rather than for writing checks. He worked through dummies, one of them a Prosecutor of the Pleas. When curious members of the Legislative Investigating Committee asked him why he so dealt, his reply, in effect, was: "That is my business." So far that has been his only answer to questions about his personal fortune. And, so far, he has been able to get away with it. His success in this respect has been due in great measure to the ineptitude of his questioners.

Will Hague get away with it indefinitely? The answer to that may be provided during the new legislative investigation whose high spot will be his appearance before the legislature on June 24.

England's Three-Cornered Election

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

London, April 28

LAST night the Labor Party held a meeting in the Albert Hall. The hall holds at least 10,000 people, and it was crammed. I have not seen it so full since the fighting days of Woman Suffrage twenty years ago, and to me, who remember so well the twelve years of that devoted conflict, one point last night appeared amazing and full of hope. There upon the platform among the speakers stood a young Scottish woman of twenty-two, and she not merely had the vote, like all other women now, but was herself a newly elected Member of Parliament. What is more, she and her fighting speech were received by that vast audience with a storm of applause exceeding in enthusiasm even the applause given to the party's famous leader. Twenty years ago, or fifteen years ago, any woman speaker who claimed the common right of citizenship was received with howls and yells, filthy abuse, squashy tomatoes, and chickens that flew before they were hatched. What a change! What an encouragement to all who hope for the triumph of any righteous, unpopular, and desperate cause!

But it is just the triumph of that cause which makes the present election so dubious. The Woman Franchise Act of 1918 admitted about 5,000,000 women to the vote; the Woman Franchise Act of last year admitted, I believe, about 8,000,000 more. What will be the result? We used to be told the women's franchise would make no difference to them or to the parties. I never believed it, and the years have proved me right. All three parties are laying themselves out to please the women on whom so much depends, but whose influence is an utterly unknown quantity. Maternity welfare, infant welfare, widows' pensions—one hears the promises on every side, and we never heard them in old days. What was the aim of the one notable point in Mr. Churchill's Budget the other day? Why did he take the duty off tea? Englishmen drink a good lot of tea, but an Englishwoman drinks at least twice as much as a man. On every pound of her tea she paid fourpence to the state; now she pays nothing. It is true that James Maxton, long-haired but attractive leader of the Labor extremists, tells us he drinks more tea than any woman, and yet the remission gives him only three shillings a year. Never mind! Mr. Churchill knew what he was about.

So in the women's vote we have one dubious point. How will they use it? In some scenes of domestic peace and joy, they will vote with their husbands, or their husbands will vote with them. But in many districts they far

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outnumber the men, husbands and all. In my constituency, for instance, there are 15,000 more women voters than men, and I grieve for the younger among them whom the slaughter in the war has deprived of their natural mates. In the industrial districts there are thousands of young women who work for themselves and are free from any influence on their votes. They will not vote to please a man, nor even to annoy him. Then, all round the coasts and at fashionable watering places there are a swarm of lodging-house keepers, landladies, and other parasites upon the rich, who may be trusted to vote Conservative because their employers or tenants and all "respectable" people are naturally Conservative, and those wicked Socialists want to make everyone equal with the gentry. The large class of "domestic servants" must also be considered, for they still exist in this ancient land, though I believe they are almost extinct in yours. They will probably vote Conservative too, at all events if they are on good terms with "master" and "mistress." Otherwise they might vote Labor for spite, if they knew that the ballot *is* really secret. Among wives and mothers the fear of any big change in daily routine is naturally strong, and they prefer the ills they have to others they know not of. But still I think the gain in the extended franchise will go to Labor, especially in the regions where unemployment has made life so unendurable that any change would seem like Paradise.

Now for the other dubious point. We are no longer a nation of shopkeepers. We have a desperate struggle to pay our debts and remain rich but honest. But we are undoubtedly a nation of sportsmen, and we have been accustomed to regard a general election as a sporting event. Especially we have regarded it as a football match. Now, in the Derby or the Grand National there may be three or thirty entries, but in a football match there can be only two sides, and in this election there are three. Mr. Baldwin has been complaining that the Liberals will attack his party on the flank. Think if that happened in a football match! It is as "unthinkable" as war between you and ourselves. In this match we have three sides playing, or four if you can count the Communists. There are 615 seats in the House of Commons, and there are only fifty "straight fights" for them. Only fifty in which one party is matched clean against another. In such a game it is always possible that the loser may win. It was so in the last election. In spite of its majority of some 220 in the House of Commons, the present Government does not represent the majority of the voters in the country or anything like it. Their majority in Parliament is simply due to the habit of the other two parties of cutting each other's throats and letting the Tory slip through between them. How can the Stock Exchange lay odds on such a game? We don't like proportional representation. Only the *Manchester Guardian* likes it. But we may be driven to it yet.

Last night Ramsay MacDonald tried hard to wriggle out of the three-party difficulty, which is so much opposed to our sporting instincts. He tried to show that in reality there are still only two parties—the reactionaries who stand for the idle and well-to-do classes, and the advanced party which stands for the working people of all kinds. He was helped by the accident that the football Final Cup Tie was played yesterday afternoon, and the audience was full of that excitement. Bolton from the North had beaten Portsmouth from the South, and North and South are two different countries here—different in language, habits, games, and work. On the whole one may say that Labor represents the North, and Conservatism the South, though the limits are not strict, and Labor is now fast penetrating the South. The Liberal program, too, has much in common with Labor though both sides refuse to consider a coalition. The antagonism is clearly revealed in the personality of the two leaders. It is impossible to imagine Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George in the same Cabinet. One would devour the other; I am not sure which, but I lately saw a big snake in the Zoo with the tail of another snake hanging out of its mouth.

Ramsay MacDonald moved his audience very deeply last night by describing how, when a boy in the Highlands, he used to be sent to the village school every morning by his mother with a crust of bread, and on Mondays with twopence to pay for his schooling. This, he said, showed the close touch of the Labor Party with the stern realities of life. That was true, but then Mr. Lloyd George can also point to a very humble birth and schooling among the mountains of Wales, and he plays upon that Welsh harpstring with much effect. Both are men of imagination. Both are idealists, both have the power of personal attraction, and both possess the politician's art of rousing enthusiasm. Both are orators, and I personally detest oratory because it almost always sounds insincere. Yet with what artistic genius has Mr. Lloyd George, after his long eclipse, roused enthusiasm and placed himself in the full blaze of light by suddenly springing upon us his scheme for abolishing unemployment within twelve months! A scheme for a loan of £200,000,000 to make new roads, restore bridges, construct drainage, plant forests, and do other fine things all in two years, thus absorbing at least 560,000 out of the 1,200,000 at present unemployed, and leaving only about 600,000, which must be called the normal number of unemployed in this unhappy country! No thoughtful or financial man quite believes in the scheme, except Mr. Keynes and Lord Grey (who refuse to accept the limit of time). Can miners go tramping over the country doing unskilled work far from their homes? Can women be put to roadmaking or drainage? How could a nation invest money in so vague and fantastic a purpose? But it is a scheme. It promises a definite hope. It has revived the Liberal Party, and put Mr. Lloyd George once more on the map.

The Labor and the Liberal leaders differ in almost every respect, but they have personality and enthusiasm in common. They both come of what we used to call the "Celtic" stock, and they possess the charm and attraction of their origin. To myself, Ramsay MacDonald is the more attractive, because, though an orator, he is more sincere at heart, and his cause is so far the finer. But I recognize now that Mr. Lloyd George is no longer to be overlooked. He has shown himself no back number, and in all big meetings he is again received with something like the fine old rapture that greeted him in his great days during the early years of the century. And what, then, can one say of Mr. Baldwin, leader of the steady-going, comfortable Conservatives? He is Englishman, I think almost unmixed. Quiet, no orator, rather despising rhetoric, contemptuous of high hopes and promises. He would be glad to pursue the noiseless tenor of his way, and sleep like the rude forefathers of the hamlet. Like a Roman general he

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ould wish to retire to his farm in Gloucestershire. "As ire as God's in Gloucestershire," says a proverb of local atriotism, and Mr. Baldwin would rejoice in religious so-ety. Personally, I like and respect him as a true English-ian should. He loves country life, English scenery, dogs, and ogs. He would have written excellent "middles" for the ld *Spectator,* and would still serve well as correspondent pon natural and agricultural subjects for the *Evening tandard* or the *Daily Mail.* But I pray he may now re-ain in his own county with his natural associates, and never eturn to Westminster as leader of a party he cannot lead. Push your leaders from behind, and they will follow!" as often been my advice to the rank-and-file of other arties. But Mr. Baldwin is past pushing.

Among his so-called followers there is but one man luminated by genius, and his light is a will-o'-the-wisp. Of ourse I mean Winston Churchill, so clever, so energetic, so ighty, and unstable as water. Surely he must have laughed hen at the last election he posted the placard "Vote for Churchill and Stability." In one point only is he stable, nd that is his hatred and fear of the Russian Government. am no friend of that Government myself. Its cruelty as almost equaled the former Czardom's. Its want of good aith and fair play is obvious. But Europe cannot ignore that vast and always powerful land of Russia, with an immense population which is almost entirely strange to us. Whether we like it or not, we must make peace with Russia. Whether the trick of the Zinoviev Letter is remembered or not, the Labor Party will conclude that peace within a month of coming into power. Peace and unemployment are the two subjects that dwarf all others in this country, and neither difficulty can be solved without the assurance of Russian good-will and normal relations.

So here we stand on the edge of a decision that may influence the course of the world for generations to come, and the decision will be taken soon after this letter can reach you. I am not a good party man, for I always perceive good points in the adversary's case. But when I was in the Ruhr at the time of Germany's utmost agony of want and destitution under the brutality of the French invasion in peace time, I read in a German paper the words: "Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, wait and hear what Ramsay MacDonald will say!" Our general election followed, and Ramsay MacDonald was put in office, though not in power. Within a few weeks he had changed the whole atmosphere of Europe, and had instilled peace where international hatreds raged. Let us now hope that the situation may be repeated.

Washington News

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., May 20

THE tariff bill that was to relieve the farmer has emerged in all its glory from behind the locked doors of the Ways and Means Committee, and one rief glance discloses that it is well calculated to relieve him f practically everything he has left except the mortgage on he farm. The "limited revision" for which Mr. Hoover alled has been "limited" to revising the duties on approxi-nately one thousand commodities, and nearly all the changes re upward. Sixty of these increases are on things which he farmer produces—most of the other 940 are on what ie buys. It should not be forgotten that the rates thus to e increased are the Fordney-McCumber rates, themselves he highest in history, comprising what the Republican New York *Herald* upon their adoption called "a damn fool ariff." Representative Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, the iblest member of the committee, estimates that the new ates will add at least $600,000,000 a year to the cost of iving in the United States—to which Uncle Joe Grundy nd the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association doubtless will reply that it is worth it. However, not even the Republican press was prepared for such a staggering subsidy to ndustry, and there have been murmurs of qualified dis-paragement, coupled with hints that the President was not wholly pleased. But Mr. Hoover is able to speak for him-elf, and the first thing he did was to exercise his authority nder the sliding-scale clause of the existing tariff to make mmediate increases in the duties on four products, includ-ng window glass. Perhaps the largest beneficiary of this act will be the Pittsburgh Glass Company, in which that good and wholly disinterested man, Secretary Mellon, is heavily interested. It was revealed during the committee hearings, when this Mellon company appealed for additional protection against the pauper window panes of Belgium, that it had declared a total of $22,000,000 in stock dividends since 1920. It was further revealed that this and one other suffering American company actually produce more glass than is produced in the whole of Belgium!

* * * * *

HOWEVER, the story is not complete. When the present bill, by Uncle Joe Grundy out of the Republican majority of the Ways and Means Committee, completes its passage through the House, it goes to the Senate to be referred to the Finance Committee, of which the Hon. Reed Smoot is chairman. Being indisposed, or having set aside the month of June as a season of prayer, Senator Smoot cannot give the bill his attention. Who, then, is to be in charge? None other than our old friend, Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, attorney and spokesman for Secretary Mellon and many a protected industry! When others gazed in awe at the dizzy structure of rates erected in the House, Senator Reed was unmoved. He was even a trifle supercilious. When some apprehensively recalled the fate of the Taft administration after the "Sugar Tariff," Senator Reed was confident and aggressive. The general belief is that he is only waiting for his time to come, and that he then will show Congress and the country what a determined man can do in the way of framing a tariff that will afford *real* protection. Of course, he is not alone on the committee, but the same spirit which moves him would also move the others if they had the nerve. He will furnish the nerve. When a man has had, as one of his regular

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duties, the task of demonstrating that Secretary Mellon is not interested in any of the Mellon corporations and that his anxiety to reduce his own taxes arises solely from a concern for the public welfare, he will not be stumped by the task of justifying a tariff bill, no matter how larcenous its tendencies.

* * * * *

THE story of the Power Trust's newspaper-buying campaign continues to unfold before the Federal Trade Commission, and the further it goes the better it gets. By better, of course, I mean worse. It now develops that the International Paper and Power Company did not merely lend money to the established owners of established newspapers, as was first supposed—it actually supplied the cash with which some of the papers were bought! In other words, those owners became owners with money furnished by International Paper and Power. That puts a different aspect on the situation. It is possible that a newspaper publisher might borrow money from a power company, and still resist the company's efforts to influence his editorial policy. But can anyone imagine a publisher defying the wishes of the company that put him in the publishing business? Although an optimist, I cannot. As a matter of fact, the correspondence produced during the investigation makes it difficult to determine whether some of these owners went into the newspaper-publishing business on their own account, or whether they entered it as purchasing agents for the International. This question is strikingly evident in the case [referred to in last week's *Nation*] of Harold Hall and William La Varre, now "owners" of four Southern newspapers which they bought entirely out of funds supplied by the International. On the whole, it was hard to resist the conclusion that Messrs. Hall and La Varre were just young men working for wages, and that the owner of the Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle,* Columbia (South Carolina) *Record,* Spartanburg (South Carolina) *Herald,* and the Spartanburg *Journal* is the International Paper and Power Company. Chief Examiner Healey found it irresistible, and said so.

* * * * *

THE case of Thomason and Bryan strongly resembles that of Hall and La Varre. Thomason and Bryan owned the Tampa *Tribune* and the Greensboro (North Carolina) *Record.* Then along came Mr. Graustein of the International. Mr. Graustein was surprised that men with the tremendous potentialities of Messrs. Thomason and Bryan could be content all their lives with merely owning the Tampa *Tribune* and the Greensboro *Record.* He indicated that it seemed a waste of talent when there were so many other newspapers in the country to be owned. Mr. Thomason confessed to a feeling that he would like to own the Chicago *Journal,* because he used to live in Chicago. "No sooner said than done," smiled Mr. Graustein, handing over the International's check for $1,000,000 (to which he subsequently added $300,000). "Any time you want to own some more papers just let us know." That was the gist of it. Seeing how easy it was, Thomason and Bryan decided that they might as well own some more. So they looked around. It seemed silly to gun for small game, under the circumstances, so they inspected the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* Kansas City *Star,* Detroit *Free Press,* Newark *Evening News,* Philadelphia *Inquirer,* Columbus *Dispatch,* and Milwaukee *Journa* among others. They were prevented from buying then not by any waning of the International's generosity, bu by the primitive fact that their present owners were unwil ing to sell. To appraise the scope of the International's pr gram it is necessary only to realize that if all the new papers approached with International money by Thomaso Bryan, Hall, and La Varre had been purchased, that gre public-utility corporation would now have financial contr of more newspapers than are contained in either the Scripp Howard or Hearst chains.

* * * * *

HARRY SINCLAIR is in jail at last, but the odor o a hundred million dollars clings to him still. H does not rise at 5:30 a. m. with the other prisoners, no are his lights turned out at 9:30 p. m. True, he onc worked in a drugstore in Independence, Kansas, and possesse a pharmacist's certificate. Yet the suspicious will wonde whether his status in the jail is due as much to his drug store apprenticeship as to his wealth. Not because he i a former drug clerk do the wardens and guards address hin respectfully as "Mr. Sinclair" and shield him tenderl against annoyance by the reporters. Not because he ha a pharmacist's certificate is he allowed to use the jail dis pensary as an office from which to direct the business of hi corporations. I entertain no vindictive feelings towar the Pirate of Teapot Dome—to me he is a far more admir able figure than some who escaped—but for anyone to pre tend that he is being treated as an ordinary prisoner with out money or influence would be treated, is to bear fals witness.

* * * * *

THE late President Harding, whose sweet temper wa often more legendary than real, once became ver angry because reporters persisted in accompanying him to th Navy Yard when he embarked on a week-end cruise on th Mayflower, and he administered a public "bawling out" t the White House correspondent of the Associated Press Two days later the Washington superintendent of the A.P went to the White House and indulged in some very plain talk. He reminded Mr. Harding that the Presidency wa not a private possession, but a public position toward which the press occupied certain responsibilities. The A.P., he said, purposed to discharge those responsibilities, and it did not intend for its men to suffer humiliation in doing so. Mr. Harding saw the point and apologetically acquiesced. But times have changed, partly because Mr. Hoover is more diplomatic than was poor Mr. Harding, and partly because newspaper standards have altered. Now when Mr. Hoover desires to go seventy miles into the backwoods without the annoyance of reporters, he simply invites the right people to the White House, and the matter is quickly arranged. Everyone will sympathize with his desire for seclusion, but pitiless publicity is one of the burdens which goes with the Presidency. And properly so. The President should place public anxiety above his personal convenience—and editors should place it above any question of "court manners."

In an early issue
DIVORCE IN SOVIET RUSSIA
By Julius Holzberg

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In the Driftway

OF newspapers there are many, but of names there are few. The *Inland Printer,* after looking into the subject, says that among the approximately 2,400 daily newspapers in the United States fifty words are enough to cover the names of 2,000 of these publications. Twelve name-words are used for 1,368 newspapers, as follows: News, 298; Times, 191; Journal, 155; Herald, 142; Tribune, 108; Record, 80; Republican, 79; Press, 70; Star, 67; Gazette, 67; Democrat, 59; Sun, 52. The Drifter makes a guess, too, that variation in the names of dailies is decreasing more rapidly than is the number of such publications. Whenever a consolidation takes place there is a tendency to drop odd or old-fashioned names in favor of the more usual ones, while, on the other hand, practically no new titles are coming into use. In these days of cable and telegraphic news, for instance, the name Mail is disappearing, although Post still seems fairly popular. But we have no Pittsburgh Wireless or Denver Radio to signalize the newer means of communication, although in Indiana there is a daily called the Bloomington *Telephone.* Such old standbys as Intelligencer, Commercial, Advertiser, Reporter, Argus, and Union are disappearing, as are martial names like Sentinel, Patriot, Scimitar, and Blade.

* * * * *

ONLY a few of the picturesque old names now survive among our dailies. Fortunately the Tombstone *Epitaph* is still published in Tombstone, Arizona, but it is a safe bet that the day is near when an enterprising rotary club will induce the town to change its name to Fairfield, after which the *Epitaph* will have to look for another name too. The *Star of Hope* of Hope, Arkansas, may last somewhat longer, and one wishes many happy days to the *Log Cabin Democrat,* published at Conway in the same State, and to the Kearney (Nebraska) *Hub.* In general the only place where flavorful names are any longer to be found in American journalism is in the colleges, especially among humorous publications. There, praise be to Allah, one notes the *Wag Jag* of Washington and Jefferson College, the *War-Whoop* of McMurry College, the *Old Maid* of the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and others.

* * * * *

FOR irresistible names, however, the Drifter's memory turns back to the titles of some of those he used to know in Paris. Whether it is still alive or not he does not know, but one of his old favorites in the kiosks of the boulevards was a sprightly magazine which bore the title (rendered into English) "I Know All." There was a comprehensiveness about that which more than warranted the modest price which the publishers asked per copy. But more appealing still was a little publication which peeped out at one among the many gay covers of the newsstands with the supplication "Read Me." Who could pass that by? It had a red cover, if memory is not at fault, and was so successful that the publishers put out a similar magazine incased in a blue cover. They called it "Read Me Blue." It was long an ambition of the Drifter to launch a third magazine and name it "Strike Me Pink."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Organize or Perish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with great interest your challenging editorial on Labor's Predicament in *The Nation* of March 27. As one of those concerned about the reinvigoration of our American labor movement, though speaking only for myself at the moment and not in behalf of any group, I should like to comment on one phase of your presentation. The progressives who find themselves out of accord with Communist tactics on the one hand, and with the present policies of the American Federation of Labor on the other hand, are certainly not attacking the A. F. of L. What they are attacking is certain leaders of the A. F. of L., and especially the policies which dominate the movement at the present time, and its passivity. They are practically all people who have given years of service to the up-building of A. F. of L. unions. They would like nothing better than to see the A. F. of L. reinvigorated, made into an effective instrument for organizing the masses of workers in our great industries, an effective social instrumentality for criticism of and opposition to our present regime of big business, militarism, and imperialism.

The A. F. of L., however, is a human institution. It had its beginning and will doubtless have its end. It will survive, like any other social institution, if it is flexible, if it can adapt itself to the tremendous social changes taking place. The intelligent laborite will therefore be realistic in his attitude toward the A. F. of L. and will not fall into the error of regarding it or its Executive Council as the devil incarnate which is responsible for all the ills of modern society. On the other hand he will not fall into the error of regarding it as something sacred, inviolable, immortal on which no one, under any conceivable circumstances, must lay unholy hands. In practice, some so-called progressives who unconsciously regard the A. F. of L. as a fetish will never push criticism and reform beyond a certain point for fear that they will be accused of "not working within the movement" and denounced as disruptionists and dual unionists. The official machine knows that this is the case, and therefore feels safe in its intrenched position. The result is that no thoroughgoing readjustment to new conditions is made, and precisely because of this the decay of the A. F. of L. is made certain. The A. F. of L.'s one hope of salvation, reform, and so of continued life, lies in those who have no superstitious reverence for it and who have eyes to see that it will and must perish if it fails to meet the needs of the workers and to function as an effective social instrument under modern social conditions.

Katonah, New York, April 15 A. J. MUSTE

Footnote

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I learn from a conversation with Dr. Hannah M. Stone, Medical Director of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau, that it was not Policewoman Anna K. McNamara, as I reported in *The Nation* of May 8, but Policewoman Mary A. Sullivan, since demoted from command of the Women's Bureau, who shouted "This is *my* party!", while the five women of the staff were being hustled into the police wagon, in which conveyance, Dr. Stone adds, Mrs. Sullivan again voiced the possessive with respect to a "party" which was wryly to

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terminate after thirty days with her own beheading. A correction of this circumstance would set the balance with Mrs. McNamara, who by her own lights only did a very nasty job with an unshrinking heart; nor does the writer intend or desire any further chastening of Mrs. Sullivan who has been made, very unjustly it seems to him, the scapegoat for this (to use Dr. Stone's apt words) "misguided act."

The real culprit, the instigator of this sortie on birth control, keeps in hiding, although known to every man of sense and information; and will only come out from cover when the attack shifts to the New York Legislature, where (if I read the signs aright) the next few years will see every effort made to amend the laws so that the next raid may not be abortive.

New York, May 14 DUDLEY NICHOLS

Dollars on the Floor

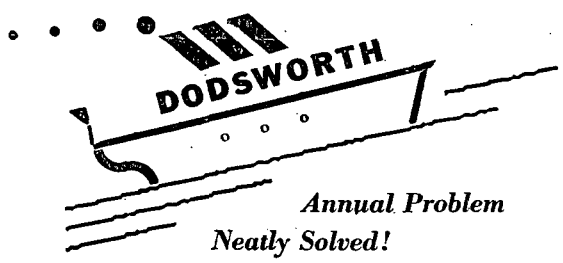
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I gather from your editorial regarding the cafe in Havana, Cuba, that you think the use of silver dollars as floor ornaments originated in the effete East.

The floor of the barber-shop in the old Palmer House in wild and wooly Chicago was so decorated nearly fifty years ago, Even visitors from New York, as well as those from the "sticks" of Illinois and Wisconsin, always got a shave at the Palmer House as an excuse to gaze at the extravagance of using several hundred shiny silver dollars in this way.

The coins remained in the floor until the building was wrecked three years ago. It never occurred to the G. A. R. boys that such use of the eagle was unpatriotic.

Peotone, Illinois, May 11 J. C. ADAMS



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Books, Music, and Plays

Careful Knowledge

By WITTER BYNNER

What is this care that is interposed between
The sodden consciousness and the sudden choice?
In springtime I stand before the beginning of green
And hear the first bird and become his early voice
And wish all things away save only this
Complete bewilderment eased by one song,
Eased by one unpremeditated kiss
With the world to which I perfectly belong.
My careful knowledge is carelessly undone
By the mere knowledge that I move and live
And can feel upon my body the long sun
And be death's temporary fugitive.
What is this care then, why the scrutiny,
As long as earth is earth and I am I?

Source

By ERON ROWLAND

There is a faint withdrawal
Of wind and wave and breath
Before they take their course,
As if they would return
For something.
I have seen the worm draw up
Before it swelled and started,
I have seen the bird clasp its wings
Before it spread them out,
And I have seen a rose
—At least I think I have—
Curl up before it opened.

This Week

Screening Civic Virtue

AS a novel, H. G. Wells's new book* is tiresome; as an editorial against war, it is commonplace though vigorous; as a movie scenario, it seems to me most effective. My opinion may be colored by the fact that I know nothing about movie scenarios while I am, alas, almost completely inoculated against tiresome novels and even the best editorials on war; but at least I saw Mr. Wells's story unfold before me on a screen as I read, and I accepted it as a movie while I rejected it on almost every other score.

Its technique is hardly as revolutionary as the author seems to suppose; many German and Russian films have employed far more unconventional methods. In fact its virtue is that it adopts, or adapts, with amusing effect, all the old tricks, and then invents enough new ones to suit Mr. Wells's ulterior motives. It gives us a thick and comforting coating of romantic scenery, of familiar and dearly loved situations, of courtly glamor set against rugged peasant simplicity; and then suddenly it reveals the pill concealed inside—the rather bitter pill of pacifism—and almost without warning we find that we have swallowed the thing. "The King Who Was a King" is an Anthony Hope romance gone wrong; it is as if "The Prisoner of Zenda" had somehow got all tangled up with "Alice in Wonderland." We have, for example, a hero, a simple, shining, extroverted hero, handsome and brave, who is lifted suddenly from his machine in a Detroit motor-car plant to rule over a beautiful little Ruritanian kingdom. There is a noble American girl whom he loves; there is a princess in a neighboring country; a traitor cousin; an enemy republic—Clavery irridenta, detached by the Treaty of Versailles. Everything is set for romance, war, victory, and another American girl in European court circles. But, alas, this is not Anthony Hope's story. He has been ousted by an irreverent fellow named H. G. Wells who doesn't play according to the rules—who hides pills in the sugar.

Sure enough, the handsome hero peels off his overalls and starts for Clavery—but from then on everything goes wrong. He leaves the noble American girl and as soon as he gets on the throne falls in love with the neighboring princess. He shoots his traitor cousin while the latter is unarmed and helpless. He refuses to fight, but instead unites his kingdom with the enemy on its borders; and he turns over the control of a vastly important mineral resource to an international board. . . . If Anthony's heroes had gone on like this, where would the savage virtues be today?

Mr. Wells doesn't like those virtues. He favors the intelligence, and persistently clamors for a world free from war, patriotic passion, and romantic illusions. He wants us to leave off killing one another, even when big-business interests are being deprived of vital mineral resources. He goes so far as to claim that the savage virtues breed fewer excitements than the civilized ones, and holds before our eyes the romance of science and discovery and intellectual adventure. We have read his Utopias and doubted, but in this latest story—viewed as a movie—he comes near to switching our loyalty from Anthony Hope's hero to his. For Paul Zelinka, the king, is somehow made an exciting symbol of nothing more stirring than unflinching common sense, and the drama lies in the portrayal of intelligence confronting and conquering passion.

The reason this is a bad novel is that the story and characters are intentionally simplified and formalized past all relation to human complications and the way things work. The reason it is a commonplace argument against war is that it says without distinction what has been said more sharply a thousand times before: that economic rivalries create situations in which it is easy for interested groups to arouse and manipulate the warlike emotions of the masses. But these very factors—simplification and direct unequivocal assertion—would collaborate with the magnificence of scene and situation to create a fine film.

Let those who will, read this story in its present hybrid form; I wish that I had waited to see it at my favorite movie house.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* "The King Who Was a King." Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

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The Outline of Stendhal

Stendhal. By Paul Hazard. Translated from the French by Eleanor Hard. Coward-McCann. $3.75.

MEN generally leave behind them either too little or too much for the convenience of their biographers, and Stendhal left decidedly too much. Every species of intimate composition—letters, diaries, journals, "tours," and even epitaphs—poured forth from the end of his pen, for the itch to exploit every aspect of his personality would not let him rest. Moreover, there is hardly a line of even his most objective novels which does not throw light upon some twist in his cranky character, and while volumes could be filled with the mere record of the outward events of his active life at least twice as many more could be devoted to the day-dreams which he indulged. Some years ago Paul Arbelet took twelve hundred small-type pages to give an account of nothing except Stendhal's youth and earliest, all but negligible, literary efforts; twelve hundred more would hardly serve to do justice to the extant materials for a study of his maturity; and under the circumstances the would-be biographer must find that his chief problem is the problem of discovering where to stop.

In the present eminently readable volume the author has attempted to get around the difficulty by adopting a highly impressionistic manner. He is a "new biographer" whose chief aim is entertainment, and he has not only omitted most dates and all reference to the sources from which he draws, but has omitted most of the connecting links between incidents as well. With a phrase, "Everything depends on the start," he is off and he never pauses for breath until he has seen Stendhal lowered into his grave. Incident tumbles over incident and picture follows picture with vertiginous speed. Stendhal, the soldier, is back from the burning of Moscow in the twinkling of an eye; Stendhal, the author, writes five books in a sentence. Obviously there is no time for balanced judgments. Reputations are disposed of in a sentence, characters delineated in an adjective. Grenoble, Paris, Brunswick, Milan, Moscow, and Paris again flash by like way stations on a grand trunk-line. Ups, downs, ecstasies, and despairs tumble over one another. He was born, he lived, he died. . . . Hate! Love! War! Ambition! "Requiescat in pace!"

It is not that the knowledge of Mr. Hazard seems superficial, for he gives, on the contrary, the impression of knowing very well where he is going and his book is about as well done as its particular sort of thing can be. Not only is he clever and tremendously fluent but he is also as intelligent as he will allow himself time to be. He gets as deep into his subject as one could possibly get while constantly avoiding the composition of a single paragraph which could not be read in the subway; but the question is simply whether or not it is advisable to ask so little of one's readers. No one is compelled to read a book about Stendhal. Detective stories are plentiful and the tabloids are always with us. But if one is going to read a biography of a complicated and important man then it is probably worth while to put a little more effort into doing so than is required by a book like this. It was not easy to write and it would be better if it were not quite so easy to read.

One thing more must, however, be said in favor of Mr. Hazard's *tour de force.* It treats the career of its subject as essentially a comedy, and comedy it certainly was. Stendhal devoted his whole life to the effort to understand himself and in certain respects he understood himself as little as any man who ever lived. Desperately devoted to logic, analysis, and reason, he lived perpetually in a dense atmosphere of romantic self-deception, and the contrast which the day-dreaming of his novels makes with actualities recorded in his private diary is one of the most ludicrous things in literature. The Machiavellian egotist was in real life incapable of any except the most transparent stratagems, while the cynical Don Juan who believed that he had reduced the art of seduction to an exact science was a most unconscionable time in bringing the first of his very willing victims to bed and could never, to the end of his life, practice his sinister arts without himself falling desperately in love with the creature whom he had planned to deceive and cast aside.

As a writer Stendhal was underestimated by his contemporaries and has been somewhat overestimated by those who today belong to his cult. He did, to be sure, start all sorts of things. There are premonitions of Nietzschianism in his thought and premonitions of Flaubertian detachment in his manner of writing. His determination to seek the cold-blooded truth helped lead the way out of the sentimental romanticism with which he was surrounded in literature, and he was one of the first of modern writers to write, like Dostoevsky and Proust, out of his nerves. But his books retain too clearly the marks of personal idiosyncracies. They arose out of day-dreams and they never quite lose the character which their origin gives them. In reading them one can never entirely forget their author, and one is always thinking back from the creation to the creator. Julian Sorel never quite detached himself from Henri Beyle (alias De Stendhal), and to say that is to say that Stendhal never, in projecting himself, his desires, and his fantasies, quite succeeded in giving them that independent reality which would constitute them art in the highest sense.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Report on British Industry

The Conditions and Prospects of British Industry and Commerce. Prepared by the Committee on Industry and Trade (Balfour's Committee). New York: British Library of Information. $1.50.

DURING his brief period of office as Prime Minister in 1924 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald appointed a non-party committee to inquire into the conditions and prospects of British industry and commerce with special reference to our export trade and to the relations between employers and employed in matters of remuneration and other causes of unrest and dispute. After five years of continuous inquiry the elaborate survey of this committee has just been condensed into the shape of a First Report that may, so far as the main facts are concerned, be taken as a reliable presentation of the salient features of our present economic predicament. In any brief statement of this situation the continuous abnormal volume of unemployment during the past five years is the best starting-point. Something like 10 per cent of our effective labor power has been standing idle, as compared with less than 6 per cent in normal times and 2 per cent in prosperous years like 1913. This idle and deteriorating labor is confronted by idle machinery and other auxiliary resources constituting a national waste on a colossal scale. This problem of unemployment and lowered standard of living is shown to be indissolubly bound up with the problem of export trade, for though only a quarter of our industrial workers are directly engaged in export work the whole of our industries are dependent upon the maintenance of our export trades, inasmuch as only by this mode of payment can we obtain the supplies of foods and raw materials we require for life and industry.

Our dependence upon overseas trade has been steadily increasing. As regards food supplies, it is found that during the forty years, 1881 to 1921, the population has increased by about 43 per cent, while the numbers occupied in agriculture have

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fallen from 12 per cent to 7. About four-fifths of our wheat and flour and three-fifths of our meat supplies come from abroad. As for raw materials, "Coal is the only important raw material in which Great Britain is self-supporting. The whole of the cotton, nine-tenths of the wool and timber, and more than a third of the iron ore which we use are imported from overseas." Nor is the situation much eased by envisaging the empire as an economic unity for supply of raw materials.

> Practically the whole of our supplies of jute, about four-fifths of our imports of wool and of rubber, three-quarters of our imports of nuts and kernels, and half our imports of hides are contributed by the empire. On the other hand, the preparation of cotton and of wood pulp obtained from the empire is only one-tenth, and of timber one-twentieth; while imports of iron ore and petroleum are almost entirely derived from foreign lands.

Indeed, it is evident that no enlargement of purchases from our empire can help us to pay our way, or to reduce the volume of our unemployment. For whether we buy from our empire or from foreign countries, the ultimate payment must be made by selling a sufficient volume of our manufactured goods in the world markets. It is true that our shipping, banking, and entrepot services are large contributory modes of payment and that something like £150,000,000 per annum is due to us as interest on overseas investments. But, if we are to pay our way and prepare the ground for the ample support of a still growing population, we must strengthen our hold upon the world markets.

Part of our troubles may be imputed to the war. Inflamed post-war nationalism increased the number and raised the height of tariff walls, mainly directed against the importation of such manufactured goods as we supply. The ruin of industrial plants, damage to transport, the financial disturbances in most continental countries, the lowered vitality of the workers from starvation, political changes affecting property—all these causes contributed to reduce the purchasing power of the European populations. But the world is reviving, new applications of science and organization to the arts of industry and agriculture are everywhere making human labor more productive. The unique prosperity of America and the swiftly rising productivity of Germany are chief object lessons for the committee. It is wrong to overstress the war and its economic aftermath. Like other nations we can buy what we need abroad, if we can produce enough of what other nations need at a price which they can afford to pay. So the committee sets itself to the task of trying to ascertain what economies and reforms are feasible in the processes of British manufacture and commerce. A survey of the different elements in cost of production, proceeding from Access to Materials and Financial Facilities to Shipping and Land Transport, Mechanical Power, and the organization and equipment of industries, indicates almost everywhere large elements of waste, involving high costs of production. The committee deals gingerly with finance, including the sudden reversion to the gold standard which dealt a heavy blow to our export trade. It finds no lack of sea-carrying power and makes little of our canal traffic in view of improvements in road transport. But our railroad charges are still very high for heavy traffic, our freight cars small and ill conducted, in spite of the recent amalgamations, and competition with road traffic a growing element of trouble, while the financial weakness of the railroads is at present a fatal obstacle to the necessary electrification. Mechanical energy for modern industry rests upon water-power, oil, and coal, and the last is the only one directly available. This brings us to the miserable deficiences in the technique and organization or our mining industry, the largest single source of waste.

The committee, as a whole, reports adversely on nationalization, even in railroading and mining where improvements of technique and combination are most urgently required, though approving the public management of electricity supply vested in 1926 in the General Electricity Board. It looks to private interest and initiative to take the necessary steps to put our industries on the higher level of efficiency required. Standardization, rationalization, simplification, as in America and Germany, only with a difference! Britain has not the huge home market that America has. Nor can she drill either her industrialists or her consumers to so much uniformity in methods of production and standards of consumption. Moreover, her export trade has relied largely upon variety and higher quality, factors hostile to some of the economics of mass production. The following passage in the report may interest American readers:

> The United States presents an immense homogeneous home market for the products of standardized mass production, shielded from the competition of imported articles of greater variety and attractiveness by a tariff, which, though easily surmounted by "luxury products," is practically prohibitive in the case of most articles of common use. For this reason the American consumers are a relatively docile body as compared with consumers in this country, and it is to be remembered that the home trade is infinitely more important to American manufactures than the export trade. Add to this the fact that America with its immense resources has always been preeminently the country of industrial waste, and it will be realized that both the margin of possible savings by simplification and the ease with which the results of such action can be imposed on the consuming public are much greater than in this country.

In the minds of the majority of the committee there is evidently a coy hankering after protection in the shape of "safeguarding," though their expressed opinion is formally noncommittal. They have no desire to see governmental intervention except in rare cases where combination tends to tyrannous monopoly, or when temporary aid is needed to stimulate some public development, or to tide over some period of distress. Even the dangers from trusts are minimized and publicity is relied upon as our adequate safeguard against the abuses of monopoly.

Recognizing the fact that many important British industries are in need of reconditioning and reequipment, the committee does not indicate how these improvements can be attained. For, as in the case of the railroads, they cannot provide the necessary finance out of their own resources or borrowing powers, and governmental finance with a corresponding control is ruled out as dangerous socialism.

> Financial weakness always tends to constitute a vicious circle, for an undertaking or industry whose earnings are insufficient to provide for depreciation and reverses finds great difficulty in keeping its equipment up to date; and the more antiquated and inefficient becomes its equipment the greater becomes the financial weakness and the smaller the possibility of obtaining the fresh supplies of capital which may be the only means of restoring profit-earning powers.

So we are left with a vicious circle and no serious suggestion for breaking it.

A more buoyant note is struck in a minority memorandum signed by members of the Labor Party, who lay stress upon the permanent importance of a high general consumption in strengthening the home markets. In lack of purchasing power in the hands of the workers, or in other words, low wages, they see the root of our trouble. High working-class expenditure, furnishing a large steady demand for standard goods, will furnish the necessary employment and finance to enable our industries to modernize and enlarge their plants, so reducing costs and securing a larger export market. But this eco-

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nomic restoration cannot be left to a private capitalism that is admitted to be lacking both in enterprise and efficiency. They advocate a moderate measure of socialism. "The crisis in our national economic life . . . requires the establishment of two new bodies, which we may call the National Economic Committee and the National Employment and Development Board." The functions of the former will be scientific and advisory, to know the facts and frame lines of policy, the latter must be vested with administrative powers to see that the plans for reconstruction are carried out by the industries in question. In addition to this supervisory power, the state must "resume national control over certain indispensable elements in production." These are land with its mineral contents, transport, electricity, and finance, including under the last term the nationalization of the Bank of England. Such are the main contents of this highly informatory document, which sheds useful light not only on industrial facts but upon the British ways of thinking.

JOHN A. HOBSON

Mexico's Land Problems

The Mexican Agrarian Revolution. By Frank Tannenbaum. The Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE land problem has underlain Mexico's troubles since prehistoric times, though its importance was never fully grasped by the chroniclers. Only since agrarianism has become the dominant aspect of the Mexican Revolution has its persistent significance begun to be appreciated in retrospect. Mr. Tannenbaum has devoted several years to research. He has traveled into every Mexican state, collected and collated many statistics. He has brought as nearly up to date as possible the status of the agrarian reform which was the revolution's attempt to abolish land monopoly, serfdom, and the other attendant ills.

Given the importance of the subject in the Mexican cosmos, and the potential usefulness of such a study, it is regrettable to find Mr. Tannenbaum's detailed monograph disappointing. Its historic approach is sketchy. A background to make the exposition graphic and alive is lacking. The treatment of the last decade—the period of agrarian reform and the period of study—is uncritical and, in method, little more than an expansion of the great variety of laws, decrees, and regulations of the agrarian program. Mr. Tannenbaum details much of what happened on paper, which, given the embryonic character of Mexican statistics and the hiatus between Mexican legislation and its realization, is relatively less reliable and significant. But he gives us little of what has happened and is happening in reality, which his wide opportunities for first-hand personal observation should have especially enabled him to do. The result is that the study lacks flesh and substance, and affords needlessly dull reading. Moreover the great variety of statistical analyses points to few conclusions of significance. Probably the most useful data are those about contemporary ownership—that 2,700 people own more than one-half the privately owned lands in the republic, that "the revolution has freed approximately one-half of the rural population from serfdom," and the percentages of land held by the various foreign nationals. These last figures—which are for 1923—indicate that foreigners own approximately one-fifth of Mexico's private lands, and that one-half of that fifth belongs to Americans. Though more voluminous, this is really a less informative study of the agrarian revolution than McBride's, published six years ago, although the period of greatest achievement in agrarian reform has come in the last five years.

But by far the severest indictment against Mr. Tannenbaum's work is its slipshod character, which seriously impairs its value as a reference book—its chief *raison d'être.* We may pass over references to such "authorities" as Terry's "Mexico" —a tourists' guide-book—or to the Whaley-Eaton Service—a confidential "dope" and gossip service issued from Washington for busy business men; or such inaccurate statements as that the "greatest leader" of "the Mexican struggle for independence was a full-blooded Indian priest." Hidalgo was a Creole, that is, a native-born white, and Morelos, a *mestizo,* or mixed blood. Mr. Tannenbaum justifies his omission of a bibliography on the ground that much of his source material was not available in published form. Such works as he does cite are found only in footnotes. It is in their titles and authors' names that the crassest errors occur, which are valid objects of criticism because of their flagrancy and great number—over one hundred in a relatively small number of Spanish titles and names, viz.: The footnote on page 1 contains three; another single footnote (pp. 135-136) *not less than ten;* one author's surname in two successive footnotes is spelled three different ways (pp. 244-246); in another instance the same author's name is given as Domenech and Domerick (pp. 154-156); and prenames and surnames, patronymics and matronymics, are often confused. Thus the only reference to an author named Carlos Loveira is given as Cárlos (p. 405) and Fernando González Roa is variously cited as merely Roa or González. Such incredible distortions as the following occur: "Compensonos" for campesinos (p. 262), "Escabeda" for Escobedo (p. 170), "Fornan" for Fornaro (p. 138), "Maple Ard" for Maples Arce (p. 138), and "Meudizobel" for Mendizábal (p. 136). The index is similarly slipshod.

ERNEST GRUENING

An Old Formula Revised

Hardware. By Edward L. McKenna. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

WHEN popular fiction has summed up a society or a township, the intelligent reader has been able to follow its fabrications with self-respect. But some half-dozen years ago, due possibly to the apparent completeness of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," possibly to the popularity of the stream-of-consciousness novel, or to the psychoanalytic emphasis upon the self, novelists stopped writing social history and began to write solely about themselves. The stream-of-consciousness novel may, in the hands of a master, be great literature; but it lives almost solely by the poignancy of its telling. As handled by the innumerable followers of Proust, Joyce, and Dorothy Richardson, it has degenerated into bathos. But because of the epic achievements of its masters it has for the moment practically swept all other seriously intended novels off the boards, with the result that fewer and fewer intelligent people read novels today. Instead they read informative articles and biographies; for when the novelist abandoned the field of social history, the clever journalist rushed in. There are many things to be said for and against popular biography; but I think there can be only regret that the better class of popular fiction has lost its audience, since for the final recording of our life the novelist's canvas is needed. Even Strachey himself can't do for England what Tolstoy did for Russia or Balzac for France. But to have great novelists we must have an audience created by many nearly great ones.

For this reason I should like to welcome fairly vociferously Mr. McKenna's reapplication to fiction of a formula which enables the moderately talented man to give us something worth reading, and which, if used by others as intelligently as he has used it, would restore the novel to a position of respect.

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His story makes very much alive an Irish saloon-keeping family in the Red Hook, a section of the Brooklyn waterfront in which Mr. McKenna also had the good luck to be born. No one can have wandered about New York's amazing waterfront without wishing to know something about the life that vivifies it. But the casual loiterer can learn little but externals, and when he turns his confused impressions into words they concern more his own emotions than the things and people he has seen. Mr. McKenna's pages open the door to us.

Through the Cronins he sums up a class of society and a section of the city, and attempts an interpretation of Tammany. There are some grave lapses of logic in his vindication of that august political body. It doesn't always stand by its friends, as we are told that Michael the ward boss did; it can throw over its most famous son when for the first time he fails to bring victory. Mr. McKenna's account of the sources of Tammany's wealth is rosy indeed: "Friendship is a factor in competition in many trades, and big city politics, first and last, is business." Much is left out of this picture—but this is emphatically not the day of the reformer. The same sentimentality and incompleteness mar his portraits. He is only partially a truth-sayer. His style in the section dealing with the first Cronin is journalistic Donn Byrne Irish, and in the section dealing with Michael the district leader and Frank the rum smuggler, it is journalistic New Yorkese, competent and undistinguished. His book isn't a great book, nor does it anywhere touch greatness; but it takes a very respectable place beside the better biographies of the day and leaves the rank-and-file novels far behind. It is a brave first robin of a better spring.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Fiction Shorts

The Short Stories of H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

It must be a little horrifying for Mr. Wells to know in advance exactly what he will be remembered for fifty years after his death: his early humorous novels and his work in the field of fictional pseudo-science. One peruses this collection of his shorter tales, written over a period of more than twenty-five years, with a feeling of unqualified admiration. He is so obviously the master in the field of the bizarre and the extraordinary that it seems unnecessary to point out that where Jules Verne is merely ingenious Mr. Wells is imaginative, and so on. Some of the stories, such as The Country of the Blind, reread amazingly well: almost with surprise one notes how tender and economical the touch can be of this man who is responsible also for "The World of William Clissold." Nor do his tales of space and time date. As a matter of fact, the newer physical researches and their metaphysical corollaries (while, of course, they in no sense "bear out" Mr. Wells's early fantasies) give the lay reader somewhat the same sensation of pleasantly stimulating bewilderment as that created, say, by such a narrative as The Time Machine.

Back to Stay. By Jonathan Leonard. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Aware that this novel has been almost universally praised by critics of integrity and importance, it is with the utmost deference that this minority report is submitted. I found the book eccentric, dull, and irritating. I do not believe that Mr. Leonard's gnomic fanatical New Englanders exist; and if they do exist, he has managed to make them incredible by forcing them through a plot whose purely cinema quality, no matter how thickly veiled in cryptic conversation, is undisguisable. I believe "Back to Stay" to be a thoroughly honest piece of work by a man who gives me the impression of being a

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scholarly recluse. There is, to me, an air of unreality about all his characters, particularly the hero, Dixi, which argues a snapping of the thread that binds the creator to the external world. As to the so-called "Yankee qualities" of the book, its "raciness," "dry humor," and so forth, I am not qualified to speak with any authority. My impression is that they are misty emanations of an eccentric intellect rather than indications of insight into the mentality of New England farmers.

A Native Argosy. By Morley Callaghan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This collection, comprising fourteen short stories and two novelettes, is a much more emphatic vindication of Mr. Callaghan's method than was his novel "Strange Fugitive." The reason is not far to seek: it is difficult to interest the reader through 80,000 words of narrative dealing with inarticulate, slightly subnormal people. Dull people are vivid in snatches, but they reveal themselves in their true drabness when encountered at length. The novel is too leisurely and detailed, like life, and, like life, it exposes them cruelly. Some of Mr. Callaghan's tales in this volume rise just above the level of intelligent, objective journalism. Others, such as the novelette In His Own Country, are moving and tragic in their very listlessness. Mr. Callaghan observes as much as, perhaps more than, Mr. Hemingway; his main inferiority is in the matter of style. Where Hemingway's is nervous and electric, Mr. Callaghan's is over-easy and without edges. Its contour follows too closely the fatigued and static quality of his characters.

C. P. F.

Music

Lilli Lehmann

"LEHMANN is very musical and a hard worker but she has such a weak voice that you can never make use of her for great roles"—thus spoke Richard Genée, the great conductor, to Emil Fischer, head of the Danzig opera when the latter was thinking of engaging Lilli Lehmann. Years later Genée came to Lehmann and humbly asked her forgiveness for his error of judgment. Then she controlled one of the most dramatic, heroic, and glorious sopranos ever heard, singing Isolde and Brunhilde again and again as no one else ever did. In looks, in form, in temperament, in power, and passion she was ideally fitted for Wagnerian roles. Wagner himself called her the queen of the Valkyries and the princess of the Rhine maidens. When she was still in her teens, carried away by her beauty and voice, he wanted to adopt her; a prudent mother intervened.

That was a remarkable mother—Maria Loew. Separated from her gifted but dissipated husband, she supported herself by her brilliant harp playing, being afraid to return at forty-five years to the successful operatic career she gave up for matrimony. Three extraordinarily gifted daughters she bore, all of whom became distinguished artists, two of them, Lilli and Marie, sometimes appearing together, as in the "Walküre." But Lilli outshone her sisters not only because of the power and richness of her voice but because of her most unusual powers of acting. At seventeen she made her debut at Prague; at twenty, despite Genée, she was singing at the Danzig opera, learning, as she wrote her mother, ten hard roles a month. Then, and for years after, she ranked as a lyric and colorature soprano because of the great range of her notes, the remarkable flexibility and facility of her voice, and its exquisite quality. As such she sang at the opera in Leipzig, when, under the great

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Laube, her talent blossomed forth in all maturity. Berlin, of course, took her next; while on a guest-trip to England, she —of whom it has been said that "probably no other German prima donna ever had so much of the Italian in her art"— discovered that she could sing the great Wagnerian roles as well as the minor.

Then New York called her and there, dazzled by the opportunities and the rewards of the Metropolitan, she broke her contract with the Imperial opera—which was for life—and was banned in consequence from every operatic stage in Germany until the Kaiser intervened and pardoned her. Meanwhile she had gone from one great role to another; merely to list them takes pages in her autobiography. Fricka, Isolde, Brunhilde, Carmen, Aida, Donna Anna, Norma, Venus in "Tannhäuser," Leonore, Fidelio—these were some of her best. The role of Undine she mastered in three days; on one occasion while still a child she took the place of a principal stricken during the first act and sang through to the end without an error although she had never studied the part.

Of such were the great figures of her day; only Schumann-Heink still remains, the last of the Titans, and still singing. Lilli Lehmann retired fairly early and became a great teacher, settling in the Grunewald section of Berlin where her house became a Mecca for aspiring students. It was she who trained Geraldine Farrar, tying the latter's hands behind her back to prevent her from making the conventional gestures, and then saying, "Now express your feelings in your countenance and voice." Like Schumann-Heink, Lilli Lehmann had a great personality. She would have been a fine tragedienne had she not been blessed with that glorious voice, and if she could not have gone on the stage at all she would have been a great woman in some other walk of life. The war years hit her hard. Like the rest of Berlin she grew poor and half starved; her savings all but vanished and her pain at the hostility of the America she adored was intense. Only the other day a round-robin letter of love and sympathy went to her with some fifty American signatures—too late perhaps. None the less she died with the knowledge that her renown was undimmed, her position on the operatic stage unsurpassed by any successor.

O. G. V.

Drama

Epitaph—I

THE epitaph most impeccably appropriate to most of the dead has never, so far as I know, been used. Let us therefore seize this opportunity to employ it and inscribe upon the tomb of the dramatic season now giving up its ghost these simple but comprehensive words: He Was Not Distinguished. So far as the theater is concerned, 1928-1929 must be content to be as though it had not been and to surrender even the hope which Sir Thomas allowed the humble of this earth, for it is as little likely to be found in the register of God as in the records of man. It may, as certain producers assure us, have lost money, but it did not thereby save its soul.

Two or three individual plays of considerable merit did, to be sure, make their appearance and in the peroration they shall be duly celebrated, but for what can the season as a whole be considered memorable? No new playwrights emerged and no new stars swam into our ken. Established writers wrote the best dramas and established organizations produced them. The New Playwrights' Theater somewhat tardily admitted its own demise, but it would be cruel to remember 1929 for that, and there was nothing of significance born. Alice

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Brady, to be sure, gave an excellent performance in a mediocre play—but that is an annual occurrence. Lee Simonson (as usual) designed a fine setting for an O'Neill drama and Arthur Hopkins made a bold venture with "Machinal." Then, too, the police raided Mae West but even that has been done before. Harold Hickerson who collaborated on "Gods of the Lightning" was the only newcomer of obvious talent.

Nor were the established playwrights always at their best. Lawrence Stallings seems to have definitely abandoned the stage for the films, John Howard Lawson has also emigrated to Hollywood, and Sidney Howard, after declining steadily from the high level established in "They Knew What They Wanted," allowed this season to pass in silence. Maxwell Anderson was far below his own best in "Gypsy," and though I was one of that minority which found O'Neill's "Dynamo" interesting I must admit that it is obviously not to be compared with "Strange Interlude." Only Elmer Rice in "Street Scene," Phillip Barry in "Holiday," and Samuel Raphaelson in "Young Love" added to their reputations.

There were, however, certain compensations and among them must be mentioned the gradual but evident decline in the popularity of the most pestiferous inventions of recent years, namely, the "hard-boiled" and the "back-stage" dramas. The former was a sort of illegitimate descendant of the admirable "What Price Glory" and the second the original discovery of the authors of "Broadway." Both, after the fashion of meretricious genres, have got steadily worse, and I am optimist enough to believe that neither can last much longer. Indeed I am willing to risk the prediction that "The Front Page" will be the last of the rip-snorting melodramas to win a conspicuous place among a season's hits, and I am even more confident that both the night-club hostess with a heart of gold and the carnival queen with similar metallic insides are quite definitely passé. Some new kind of violence will have to be discovered if it is to pass for strength, and some new variety of infantile sentiment exploited if it is to bring tears to the eyes of a susceptible but fickle public. Men who say "God damn" are not always realists; the girls who fill the night with music are not always longing for better things.

Without either referring to the records or making a too painfully strenuous effort of recollection I find that I can remember six plays produced during the season. They come spontaneously to mind and I fancy that in so doing they establish the best possible claim to be considered the ones most worth remembering. Next week I shall read them into the record.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Crisis in Spain

By WILLIAM H. HESSLER

NO better picture of complete political disintegration can be imagined than the Spain of midsummer, 1923. Harassed by troubles in Morocco, enervated by petty bickerings of incompetent politicians within, cursed with a party system that offered no stability even in the best of times, the Spanish monarchy was lying prone, a ready victim for whatever "strong man" might come along with the whim to rule. And naturally Primo de Rivera in his bluff and hearty way came along and offered to run the country for Alfonso, most genial of all monarchs. Primo had made a remarkable record as a general in the army, saving it from an utter catastrophe in Morocco. Furthermore, he was known to be a "safe" man—in the same sense that Mr. Harding was known to manufacturers to be safe.

The five and a half years since then have amply demonstrated that the great Primo was safe. He has ruled the country with the forms of absolutism, yet with the tacit backing of two estates—nobility and clergy—and without any real popularity. This in itself is rather a striking phenomenon. It is largely accounted for in the fact that popular support is a matter of little consequence at any time in Spain, and also in the fact that King, aristocracy, and clergy saw no better way to secure the ordered government of the nation.

These five and a half years have witnessed significant advances in the governance of Spain. Legislation has been in the form of royal decrees, drafted in the extra-constitutional Cabinet of Primo de Rivera, known as "President of the Council" or "Chief of the Government" or merely the "dictator." Sanitation, previously an unknown word, has come to have real meaning in Spanish cities. The railroads and numerous other industries of the country have been enabled to keep their heads above water at least, in the face of rapidly mounting competition from other countries of Europe as these latter recovered from the debility of the post-war period.

An absurdly large army of government employees has been reduced to a much more reasonable figure. It is well known that shortly after his coup Primo ordered every employee of the Government to report at his proper station on a given morning, and that in many government buildings there were not even enough chairs to go around! As in the civil service, so in the army and navy Primo de Rivera has made astonishing reforms, the latest of which in the artillery caused abortive uprisings at Segovia and at Ciudad Real.

Foreign trade has been encouraged in every way that promises not to compete directly with struggling Spanish industries, and the exchange rate has been nursed and nursed until now a return to the gold standard seems likely.

In respect to foreign affairs, the dictatorship has consolidated the position of Spain in a satisfactory way. Withdrawal from the League of Nations in 1926 was followed by an accord with Mussolini that should prove a great support to Spanish prestige and influence in the Mediterranean area and also by further negotiations with France and Great Britain over Tangier and the Spanish zone of Morocco which have very lately borne fruit. Reentry into the League of Nations followed, and it is safe to say that Spain reentered with more prestige than when she left. A series of arbitration and conciliation treaties of a very advanced character was negotiated with most countries of Europe at the time of Spain's return to Geneva.

Progress in the arduous process of "hispanicizing" Catalonia and the Basque provinces has not been so spectacular, but undoubtedly there have been some gains in this direction. The inevitable methods of a dictatorship are scarcely calculated to win the affection of Catalans and Basques, and such gains as are achieved in fact are only grudgingly admitted as such in Barcelona and Valencia.

Finally, the dictatorship has set up the Asamblea Nacional, an advisory parliament, partly appointed by the Government, partly elected in such fashion as to eliminate avowed opponents of the dictatorship. This National Assembly, under the presidency of Sr. José Yanguas y Messia, the brilliant young Secretary of State who was ejected from the Cabinet by Primo after bringing the League of Nations crisis down upon their heads, has labored at length toward a new constitutional regime.

The new constitution, so far as can be learned, does not contemplate the restoration of a parliamentary system. The Cortes will consist of a Chamber of Deputies with advisory powers and the privilege of ratifying the proposals of the Government, and a Council of the Kingdom intended to bolster up the monarchy and to give the conservating quality of a House of Lords to the new constitutional order. But real political power would apparently reside in a Cabinet chosen by the King, as is now the case.

So much has the regime of Primo de Rivera done. Now let us see what it has not done. Certainly it has not produced an Utopian condition of universal education—literacy is as ever calculated at an appallingly low figure. It has not made any appreciable effort to develop agricultural reforms, the *sine qua non* of any lasting improvement in the well-being of the population. And most important of all, perhaps, from the standpoint of the immediate situation, it has not developed any party or organization to maintain and perpetuate the regime established in 1923.

With the fifth anniversary celebration of the coup of 1923, scheduled for September 13, 1928, a widespread plot was uncovered, planned to destroy the entire machine organized by Primo de Rivera. The plan for revolt had the support of Republicans, Socialists, Communists, and of course Liberals, which indicates the willingness of all opponents of the dictatorship to unite long enough at least to press their cause jointly. Likewise there were two outbreaks among artillery officers, the latter very recently at Ciudad Real. These two uprisings were confined to the military, but that is the focal point for any outbreak, since the control of the army means the control of the country in a state where force rather than public opinion is the source of effective power.

Were the discontent with Primo's dictatorship confined to the artillery and cavalry of the army, the matter would be simple enough. But the roots lie much deeper, and usually may be traced back to one or another liberal leader of the period preceding the coup of 1923. This was notably the case in the recent plot which took active form at Ciudad

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Real, but which was planned for many cities, and which had its center at Valencia, dominated by Sr. Sánchez Guerra, one-time Premier under the old constitutional regime.

Opposition, then, comes from liberal leaders—not from a proletarian uprising, nor from a peasants' revolt, nor yet from any labor movement of any sort—none of these elements is sufficiently organized or self-conscious to undertake any important revolutionary movement. The trouble invariably comes from the ranks of politicians.

The present-day situation in Spain hinges on the relations of the genial Alfonso and his Chief of the Government. Admittedly the King and the Jefe have, ever since 1923, been mutually suspicious of each other, principally because neither could last, it seemed, without the other. Thus has developed the paradoxical situation of King and dictator distrusting each other and yet forced to depend on each other for mutual support. That the position of the dictatorship has been none too strong throughout its life has been apparent, and the royal house has lent its prestige and popularity, such as they are, to aid the cause. But the throne, too, is thought by many well-informed people to be tottering slightly, and a strong dictatorship, or at least the strongest available, is a distinct prop to the monarchy.

The question just now is up to Alfonso to decide. How long can he best lend his moral support to a dictatorship that is undeniably losing ground among the influential classes of Spain? Alfonso's answer to that question will determine the immediate fate of his country, for the nation as a whole will undoubtedly rally about the royal house more readily than about any other political element in the country.

If the dictatorship is overthrown and replaced by a liberal government, the chaos of 1923 will probably return, along with unimportant democratic reforms. If the present Government is permitted to set up its own "constitutional regime," then a dictatorship will continue, more efficient than parliamentarism, yet hardly tending in the direction of a better life for Spain's toiling millions.

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